The Outlook

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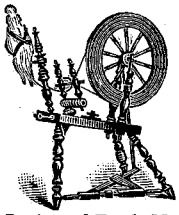

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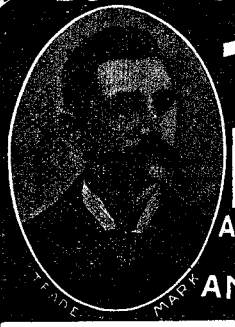

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The Outlook

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The Boer War: Natal The Boers still besiege Ladysmith. They were repulsed last week in one specially severe engagement. Under cover of their guns they had advanced to positions on the ridges and kopjes (isolated hills) adjacent to those occupied by the British troops. British advices report Boer losses as amounting to the astonishing number of seven hundred in killed and wounded. The British losses are apparently unknown. The same advices say that before and since the Boers have not attempted more than a desultory shell fire. The return British fire of lyddite shells seems to have made much impression on them. The armored train, already such a prominent feature of warfare on the Cape-to-Cairo railway, has now made its appearance on the Durban-Ladysmith line. When the track is in good order, such a train is a fearful foe, but once derailed it becomes of little value. This was shown last week when the British walked into another Boer trap. A detachment of Dublin Fusiliers and Durban Light Infantry had left Estcourt (a hundred and fifty miles from the sea) to reconnoiter. As the detachment passed northwards the Boers did not show themselves, but, after the British were out of sight, destroyed the track and covered the spot with guns. As soon as the train left the track on the return, the Boers opened fire. The British replied with spirit, but were overwhelmed by numbers. The British acknowledge that their loss is from a hundred to a hundred and fifty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Of the last named, sixty arrived in due time at Pretoria, three hundred and fifty miles away. Among them was Lieutenant Winston Churchill, a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Lieutenant Churchill had shown signal gallantry during the engagement. Last week the Boers also captured the town of Weenen, south of Colenso, and concentrated several commands on Estcourt. They made at least one attempt to capture the last-named place, but were repulsed with considerable loss. General Clery, a veteran of the Zulu war, has now assumed command of the British forces south of Ladysmith. General Hildyard commands the advance guard of the relief column. The latter has been in the army more than thirty years. In 1882 he was with Lord Wolseley in the Egyptian campaign, serving as Quartermaster-General.

❀

The Boer War: Cape Colony Having occupied a number of additional places in northern Cape Colony last week, the Boers followed their custom in eastern Bechuanaland and in northern Natal; they proclaimed a part of Cape Colony Republican territory. In reply Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner, issued a proclamation declaring that the Boer proclamations annexing territory, impressing men, or seizing goods, are null and void and should not be obeyed. He promises fair compensation for actual injury resulting from loyal adherence to British allegiance. A British column for the relief of Kimberley is assembling at Orange River Station, nearly six hundred miles from Cape Town, and about eighty miles south of Kimberley. It is commanded by General Lord Methuen, who has already seen much African service, having been in the Egyptian, Ashanti, and Bechuanaland campaigns. The famous Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and the Naval Brigade will form an important part of the expedition. The Naval Brigade carries searchlights from the cruiser Doris. These lights are to be worked under the direction of Colonel Ernest Rhodes, who expects to signal with them to his brother

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Cecil in Kimberley and receive a reply, Kimberley having searchlights the rays of which are visible at a great distance. Thirty thousand men have now arrived in South Africa from England. Of these nearly half have been landed at Durban; a few have made port at East London, and the rest at Cape Town.

❀

The German and Italian Parliaments

Last week was an eventful one for European legislative assemblies. The German, Italian, and French Parliaments opened their sessions of 1899–1900. In Germany the reassembling of the Reichstag apparently caused little ripple on the surface of political life. This was undoubtedly due to the feeling that, until the Emperor's return from England, there would be no pressure on Parliament to pass the penal servitude bill for the suppression of strikes [since rejected by an overwhelming majority], or a measure to double the navy or a resolution to ratify the Samoan agreement. Of greater importance to foreign nations, however, is the renewal of several commercial treaties. In this connection, as regards America, the Meat Inspection Bill, standing over from the Reichstag's last session, is in close relationship. The Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert in person, accompanied by the Queen and royal family. In announcing the projected bills, including much-needed measures for the mitigation of taxation, his Majesty dealt especially with notable economic improvements in the Kingdom. It is a pleasure to chronicle any betterment in Italy's economic condition. Everything leads to the hope, as the King said, that it will continue, "and that by sedulous work, by the utilization of all our productive energies, and by the intelligent and assured protection of our agriculture and industries, we will be able to lay solid and durable foundations for the reforms of which so much has been said, but which have never been realized."

❀

The French Parliament

The French Senate has been sitting as a High Court for the judgment of prisoners in an alleged plot to overturn the Republic. Ten years have elapsed since the Procureur-Général of France rose in the Senate to demand the punishment of like conspirators. They were Boulanger, Dillon, and Rochefort, and the Procureur was M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who has since played such a ridiculous part in connection with the Dreyfus affair. It must be admitted that the position of the present Government is somewhat embarrassing. While it is in possession of overwhelming presumptive proof that last spring the Duke of Orleans, in conjunction with MM. Guérin and Déroulède, the leaders of the anti-Semitic and so-called "Patriotic" League, expected to overthrow the Government of the Republic, there is now such a fear of including forged evidence in the charges that a number of those imprisoned on the suspicion of treason have been liberated. During his examination by the Court last week, M. Déroulède entered upon a violent tirade against President Loubet. M. Fallières, President of the Senate, refused to listen, and demanded the withdrawal of the allegations. M. Déroulède refused, whereupon the President announced that the prisoner should be prosecuted under the law of 1881, punishing persons who insult the President of the Republic. The verdict of the Court condemned the prisoner to three months' special detention for the offense. This resolute attitude has been in general favorably received. On the first day of the autumn legislative session of the French Parliament, begun last week, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, made a speech in which he rightly claimed that the Government's programme was inspired by the wish to constitute a society strong enough to insure respect for the opinion of every one, and to impose respect for republican institutions. "Our programme will be a rallying flag for all Republicans," said he. While the present Ministry truly constitutes "a Cabinet of Republican Defense," as its members style it, hard work will be necessary even temporarily to unite the several groups of Republicans among the six hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies. As one help towards the stability of republican institutions, we are glad that the Cabinet obtained from the Chamber a satisfactory vote of confidence. On Monday of this week the Chamber again sustained the Cabinet on two critical issues.

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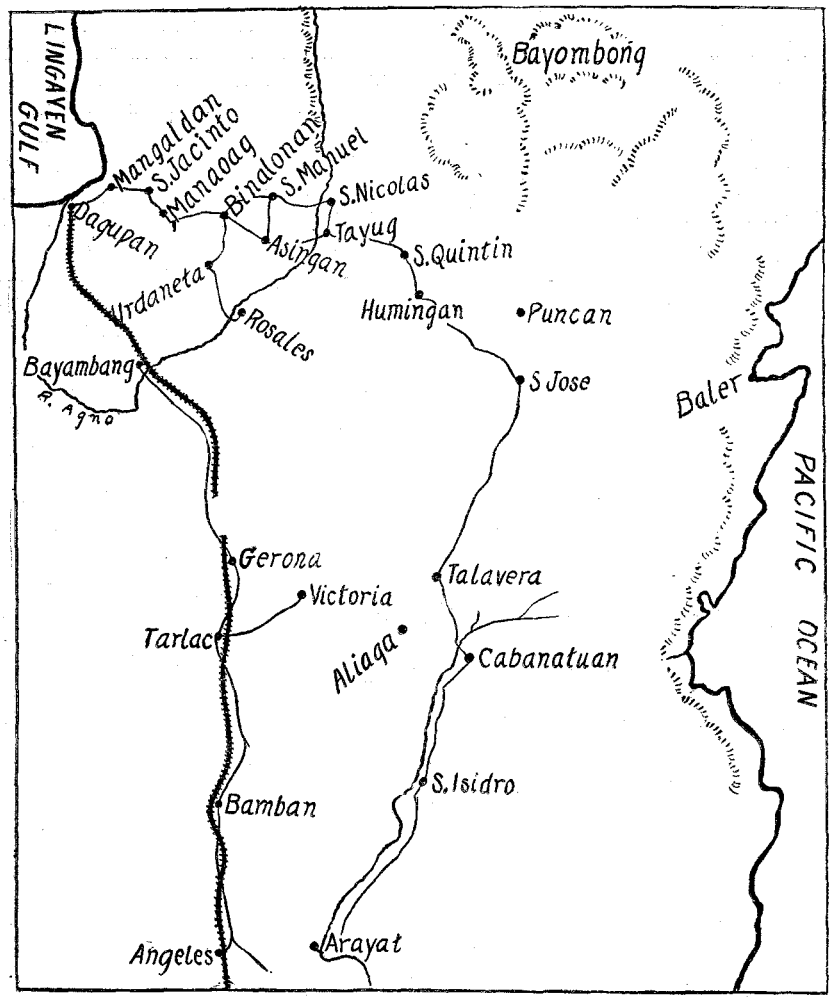

The Philippine War: an Active Campaign

When told in full, the story of General Lawton's march through mud, woods, and swamps, cut off from telegraphic communication with his base, and subsisting on a hostile country, will doubtless be that of one of the most brilliant military movements of the war. The accompanying map of the scene of recent operations will give a general idea of the somewhat complicated combined advance of our columns. Angeles (near the southwestern corner of the map) may be taken as the starting point; it is about thirty-five miles northwest of Manila, on the Manila and Dagupan railroad. From Angeles General MacArthur's division has been moving north on the railroad, and on November 12 it entered Tarlac (the insurgent capital), as noted last week. By Sunday of this week General MacArthur's main column had reached Gerona, and his advance on Monday pushed through to Dagupan. Meanwhile General Wheaton's forces (landed from war-ships and transports the week before near Dagupan) have been operating east of that place and San Jacinto. General Lawton's march above referred to has been a broad sweep first to the northeast from Angeles, then north, then west, passing through San Isidro, Cabanatuan, Humingan, San José, and San Nicolas, with General Young's cavalry division leading the way. It is obvious that if Wheaton, MacArthur, and Lawton moved on the lines just named swiftly enough, the insurgents would be cut off from a retreat to the northeast and would be inclosed in a semicircle, with the island coast to their

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west and north, and our army to the east, south, and northeast. Probably it was not confidently expected that the enemy, whose mobility is vastly greater than that of any fully equipped army, would be thus cornered absolutely, but it was at least likely that they might be scattered and driven in different directions. This end appears to have been accomplished in large measure—just how fully will appear later. From General Otis's despatches of November 18, which state that Major Swigert, of General Young's force, was moving against Aguinaldo at Pozorubbio, it seems probable that at least a considerable portion of the enemy is outside and north of our line, free to go northwest or northeast as they choose; for Pozorubbio is northeast from Dagupan and east of San Fabian. This would indicate that Aguinaldo had slipped beyond General Wheaton's advance. The reports from General MacArthur show that the railway from Tarlac north has been partly destroyed by the retreating insurgents, but it is being repaired and probably before long will be in operation its entire length—that is, from Manila to Dagupan. In some places, at least, our troops have been cordially received by the Filipinos of the villages occupied; this was notably so at Gerona, where English trading interests have existed in the past. General MacArthur says that the further his troops advance the less attached to Aguinaldo's cause the people appear. In all the recent military operations in the region shown by our map, there seems to have been only one fight that could properly be regarded as more than a skirmish; usually the insurgents have retreated after firing one or two volleys. The only serious fight was near San Jacinto on November 14, when seven of General Wheaton's force were killed (including Major John A. Logan, son of the late General John A. Logan, of Illinois) and thirteen were wounded, while eighty-one insurgent dead were found in the trenches, and doubtless many more were buried by their friends. Among the prisoners taken during this campaign is, it is reported, one of Aguinaldo's Cabinet officers. The amount of provisions, ammunition, etc., seized has been large, and a semi-humorous aspect is infused into the accounts by the statement that the spoil includes several barrels of Mrs. Aguinaldo's wearing attire. Zamboango, the chief town of Mindanao, has been occupied by a naval party from the Castine at the request of one faction of the natives. Hopes are now entertained of floating the Charleston, wrecked on a hidden and uncharted coral reef on the north coast of Luzon, not far from Kamiguin Island, on the morning of November 2. Under all the circumstances, no serious blame is attached to the officers of the Charleston, as the ship was off an uncharted coast in a monsoon.

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William II. in England

From directing an army to playing a flute, Frederick the Great is well-nigh outdone by his aspiring young disciple, the present German Emperor. The latter has a variety of employments which would astonish even his versatile predecessor. William II. is a great deal more than plain Emperor; he is poet, playwright, parson, architect, painter, composer, educator, engineer, admiral, general. Above all, he is a traveler. He astonishes the world by his sudden voyages. When Dom Pedro of Brazil was overthrown, the Kaiser exclaimed, "What a pity! I was just about to pay him a visit." It is safe to say that, though the journey from Potsdam to Windsor is not so long as that to Jerusalem, no one of the "Reise Kaiser's" many trips is regarded as being so significant as is the present one. In it the Emperor is accompanied by the Empress, two of their sons, the Imperial Foreign Secretary, and a large suite. The visit is being paid to the British royal family at Windsor and Sandringham. The Emperor's approach to England was made as impressive as possible. A flotilla of eight torpedo-boat destroyers met him near Dover and escorted him to Portsmouth, and at Spithead a fleet of six battle-ships and four cruisers dipped their flags and fired their guns in his honor. A detachment of a thousand soldiers and a thousand seamen, forming a guard of honor, was drawn up on Portsmouth jetty and presented arms. The Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son, met the Imperial visitors and escorted them to Windsor. There the "family visit" is doubtless the cover for the transaction of

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some of the most important state business of our time.

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Mr. Roberts's Self-Defense

Mr. Brigham H. Roberts contributes a letter three columns in length to the New York "Times," defending his right to a place in the House of Representatives. He passes over the suggestion that he should be refused a seat, without discussing it, because it "is a proceeding utterly without precedent, and altogether so absurd as to be out of the question." It is without precedent simply because no convicted criminal, declared by law ineligible to a seat, has before applied for one. It would be more proper to say that such an application is "altogether so absurd as to be out of the question." On the question of expulsion he insists, with more colorable argument, that the only disorderly behavior for which the House may expel a member is disorderly behavior in the House by which "its business is interrupted or its dignity or honor infringed." The rest of his paper is taken up in endeavoring to show that the Mormon Church entered into no compact with the United States Government, which is true, and therefore has not broken faith with it. If it had entered into such compact and had broken its faith, this, we may add, would be no reason for unseating Mr. Roberts. He asks, "What good would come to either morality or religion to turn those plural wives and their children adrift?" None. But surely he should know that it is possible for a man who has plural wives to live as other men in the community do, with one, while he gives support to the others with whom he does not live. He affirms, and we are glad to have the affirmation from such a source, that the Mormons have given up polygamous or plural marriages definitely and finally. We hope that this is true. He declares that "I do not go to Washington as a representative of polygamy." Probably not; but if he goes to Washington, he will be a representative of polygamy. He defends himself at some length from special charges which have been made against him, respecting which we say nothing here because those charges never have been reported in our columns. But he does not, from the beginning to the end of the letter, mention the one crucial fact, that he has been convicted of crime under a statute of the United States, which declared that any one convicted under it should forever be ineligible to office, that he committed that crime after that statute was passed, that he refuses to comply with the conditions attached to the amnesty offered only to those who ceased the continuance of the relations which that Act declared criminal, and that by his application for a seat in the House he is asking the House by its own individual action to nullify a law enacted by the House of Representatives and the Senate and approved by the President. In short, he discusses the questions which are not involved in the present issue, and is absolutely silent respecting the one question which is involved in it.

❀

City Debt Limits

At the sessions of the National Municipal League at Columbus, Ohio, last week, one important measure, little discussed before, received apparently unanimous indorsement. Present State Constitutions, recognizing the danger of municipal extravagance, have nearly everywhere strictly limited the amount of debt that might be incurred. These limitations were heartily approved so far as they relate to debts incurred for current expenditures, or even permanent public improvements from which no direct public revenue is received. But, in addition to the debts incurred for these purposes, which the old constitution-makers wisely limited, there are an increasing number of bond issues to purchase water-works, electric-lighting plants, etc., from which the net income more than meets interest and sinking-fund charges. Such purchases are investments rather than expenditures, and a city, like an individual, ought often to invest more than its yearly income while it ought not to spend more. Comptroller Coler, of New York, who first brought this matter before the Convention, said that several States already exempt water-supply bonds from the limitations on city indebtedness, and he urged that good sense as well as good logic required that other bond issues should be exempted, when the income from the purchased works promised to meet interest and sinking-fund require-

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ments. The same suggestion, fortunately, was embodied in the report made a little later by the committee appointed at the conference a year ago to present suggestions for better city charters. Its wisdom is strikingly manifest from the experience of New York City—which has not the reputation of being especially well governed. Our water-works system cost $75,000,000. Despite the low rates, the gross revenues are $4,000,000 a year, and the operating expenses only $650,000, making a net income of over $3,300,000—or a surplus of a million dollars after paying the three per cent. interest on the cost of the plant. The public burdens were lessened when the water-works bonds were issued. To build our street railways, which likewise cost approximately $75,000,000, the city did not issue its own bonds, and we are now paying nearly six per cent. interest on a capitalization of $150,000,000. To prevent the public issue of bonds for revenue-yielding public works is to increase instead of diminish the public debt.

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The Bond Purchases

In spite of the great increase in the currency during the past three years, there is less idle money now than there was three years ago. The reason is that the amount of business has increased as well as prices, and the exchange of a larger quantity of goods at higher prices has called into use the idle money in the banks as well as the new gold taken from the mines or imported from Europe. A few weeks ago the reserve in the banks of this city fell below the amount required by law, while in London the suspension of gold imports from the Transvaal and the inception of gold purchases to establish a reserve in India have caused an alarming stringency in the money market. The only place from which immediate relief could be secured was the United States Treasury, whose net balance—because of the heavy bond sales at the beginning of the Cuban war—is now nearly $300,000,000. Already the present Administration had carried further than President Cleveland the policy of depositing public money with selected banks without interest. Over $80,000,000 had been deposited in this way on the security of Government bonds, but over $200,000,000 remained in the Treasury—or twice as much as the traditional gold reserve. The depositary banks naturally wished the Treasury to increase its deposits with themselves, but Secretary Gage offered instead to buy $25,000,000 worth of bonds, and thus save the interest they bore. Thus far only about $3,000,000 worth have been sold to the Treasury; but the money secured, and the knowledge that more can be secured in case of need, has lessened the stringency not only in New York but also in London.

❀

Progress in City Politics

The inaugural address of Mayor Hayes, of Baltimore, who was elected last spring, met the fullest expectations of the reformers who urged his election. In spite of the recent victory of his party in city and State, he pledged himself to a non-partisan administration as but few public officials have done. "The use of a municipal position by a subordinate," he said, "to advance the interests of any politician or party will be at once proper reason for the removal of such subordinate; and if the head of the department does not remove such subordinate, I will remove the head of the department." With regard to the police force, also, he thoroughly indorsed the legislative measures of the Reform League, requiring a civil service examination of all appointees. In Syracuse, N. Y., also, the municipal election just held demonstrated the advance of the principle of non-partisanship in city government. The present Mayor, Mr. McGuire, was first elected as a Democrat because of a division in the Republican party. He was re-elected through a similar division. This year the Republican factions were apparently united against him, and had as their candidate a man of fine character and ability. The city is strongly Republican, and, had party ties determined the votes of the citizens, Mayor McGuire would have been defeated. He and his friends, however, conducted a campaign on municipal issues, with tracts and lantern slides showing what had been done in matters of city housekeeping during the four years he had been in office. No National question was touched upon, and Mayor McGuire was re-elected by a substantial majority.

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In San Francisco, California, a similar success was achieved. Mayor Phelan, who made himself the leader of the anti-machine Democrats of the city by his fearless and uncompromising fight against Boss Bulkley a few years ago, was the Democratic candidate for re-election. The Republicans had carried the city last November, and attempted to carry it again by urging the supreme importance of National issues. Mayor Phelan conducted his campaign strictly upon municipal issues, risking on that account an organized revolt within his own party, and won the election by a plurality of more than seven thousand. He will administer San Francisco under the new and admirable charter which he helped to secure, and men of all parties are expecting a pure and progressive government. If this practice of selecting municipal officials on municipal issues shall go on making headway until voters no longer feel that their ballots for or against city candidates will be interpreted as ballots for or against expansion or silver or tariff, the gain will be immeasurable. On this matter, however, the chief obligation rests upon the press not to misinterpret the significance of local elections in order to make party capital out of municipal overturns.

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A Significant Ordination The Rev. William J. Long, whom, our readers may remember, a Congregational Council declined to ordain and install over the North Avenue Congregational Church at Cambridge in June, 1898, was last week ordained and installed over the Congregational church of Stamford, Conn. The Council was composed of all the churches in the vicinity, with some leading ministers from New York City, and the action of the Council was unanimous. The impression made upon the Council by the paper of Mr. Long and by his spirit was such that a motion was made to dispense with all questioning, and although this motion was subsequently withdrawn lest it should appear to shut off debate, there were in fact no questions asked in the open session, and very few, and only on two or three points, in the secret session. Those who are not familiar with Congregational principles and methods should understand that the action of this Council does not reverse or ignore the action of the previous one. A Congregational Council is simply a body of men representing churches of the vicinity called to advise a particular church upon the questions submitted to it. When that advice is given, its existence and its authority end. It is quite possible that the Council at Stamford might have refused ordination to Mr. Long upon the statement submitted to the Cambridge Council, and under the circumstances there existing; and there is very little doubt that the Cambridge Council would have advised the ordination of Mr. Long on the statement submitted by him to the Stamford Council, and under the circumstances there existing. Special interest is lent to this ordination by reason of the fact that Mr. Long was born and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, left it at eighteen years of age, and has spent the subsequent fourteen years of his life in studying to prepare himself for the ministry in that most Protestant of the Protestant denominations, the Congregational.

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Dr. R. S. Storrs's Resignation The resignation of the Rev. S. H. Virgin as pastor of the Pilgrim Church, after a pastorate of twenty-eight years, is now followed by the resignation of Dr. R. S. Storrs as the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, after a pastorate of fifty-three years. These two are the oldest settled pastors in the Congregational denomination in this region, and among the oldest settled pastors of any denomination. There have been in recent years only two, so far as we know, one a Roman Catholic and one an Episcopalian, in the Greater New York, whose pastorate parallels in length that of Dr. Storrs. He is now in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and by his active life has surely earned the right to repose. A discriminating characterization of such a man and his work is not, in our judgment, fitting while he is still living. But it may at least be said that throughout the country he holds a well-deserved reputation of being, for polished eloquence, thoughtfulness, scholarship, and length of service, the primate of the Congregational Church. But his work and usefulness have not been confined within the limits of his par-

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ish. His active service in the anti-slavery cause, his co-operation with Dr. Leonard Bacon and Dr. Joseph P. Thompson in the "Independent" for over twelve eventful years, his public work as a distinguished citizen of Brooklyn, whose Historical Library will perhaps be his noblest monument, and his labors as a mediator in the controversies in the American Board and his skill in leading it, though himself a conservative, on to a broader and more liberal platform, combine to give him a position in the Church and in the Nation larger even than that given to him by his long and successful pastorate. One sentence in his letter of resignation deserves to be remembered, recalled, and often repeated for the benefit of young men hesitating between differing professions, and it is all the more significant since Dr. Storrs began the study of the law and subsequently abandoned it for the ministry: "If to-day were offered me the choice of a pathway in life, the most alluring and rewarding, I should choose none other than that which has been given me—the pathway of a Christian pastor, joyfully trying to bring to men the grace and glory of the Lord's Gospel."

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Professor Herron's Resignation

Professor Herron's letter to the Trustees of Iowa College resigning his professorship is likely to win for him more disciples than years of lecturing in that institution. He held, it will be recalled, the chair of "Applied Christianity," which Mrs. Rand had endowed on condition that he should fill it. When friends of the College protested that Professor Herron's presence kept endowments away, Mrs. Rand offered to transfer the endowment of Professor Herron's chair to some other institution whenever its amount should be made good by those whose gifts his teaching kept away. By this offer Mrs. Rand showed her determination to support Professor Herron's teachings. Now, however, Professor Herron has come to the aid of the College by resigning from the chair, after first obtaining Mrs. Rand's consent that her endowment should remain with the institution. The letter which Professor Herron has written to the Trustees is as generous in its spirit as letter of resignation ever was. He recognizes to the full that, although the attendance at the College and in his lecture-room has increased during the years he has been connected with it, his radical teachings were obnoxious to the class from which alone college endowments could come, and he cordially thanks the Trustees for refusing to restrict his liberty of teaching, when the financial interests of the College might have seemed to justify such action. To President Gates and his colleagues in the faculty Professor Herron's tribute is even warmer, and he thanks them for urging him to remain though his remaining subjected them to criticism and to limitations in the support of their work. So far as personal relationships go, he would be glad to remain; but he is unwilling that his College and his associates should suffer because of their generosity to him. He even questions whether colleges ever can or should be places where ideas antagonistic to the present order are taught. The gentleness of spirit that pervades the letter is little short of a revelation to those who have known Professor Herron only as a social iconoclast. The sword which he wields so fiercely against what he considers public wrongs he has refused to unsheathe in his own defense.

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Bishop Potter and Bishop Willis

In the opinion of the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the fact that Hawaii is now American territory makes the longer continuance of an English prelate there unnecessary and unwise. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Alfred Willis, Bishop of Honolulu, holds his commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is believed that Dr. Temple, the Archbishop, sympathizes with the opinion expressed by our House of Bishops, and has intimated to his Honolulu diocesan that a resignation would be favorably received. The particular prelate does not look upon the matter in that light. With MacMahon, he says in effect, "J'y suis; j'y reste"—where I am, there I stay. He calls attention to the fact that the diocese of Honolulu is practically an independent one, its only connection with the Church of England being in the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to nominate to the bishopric. In one sense this

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right has nothing to do with the English Establishment; it is because of a law that any part of the earth otherwise not specially covered is under the episcopal supervision of the Primate of all England. The question now arises: If the Bishop does not resign, will the Archbishop compel him to do so? As a member of the "Committee on the Increased Responsibilities of the Church," Bishop Potter has now undertaken a long voyage in the Pacific. He has already visited Honolulu, and, with his accustomed tact, has probably contributed something towards adjusting the ecclesiastical difficulties there.

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Mediævalism Spanish clericals belong to the Conservative party as a matter of course, but it must be added that Conservative clericals are by no means represented by Carlists entirely; the other Conservatives are known as "Integros," and accept the present monarchy. At the recent Catholic Congress at Burgos, the longing for a restoration of temporal power was unblushingly shown. The prelates there assembled drew up a pronunciamento in which they demanded that no text-books but those approved by the bishops should be used in the universities, and that public instruction throughout the kingdom should be Catholic. They declared that no ecclesiastic should be punished by the ordinary civil courts of justice, and that none should pay taxes. Furthermore, they demanded exemption from military service for all seminarists under twenty-seven years of age, and for all priests; and, lastly, they had the assurance to ask that all associations not Catholic should be prohibited. The desire for temporal power is shown, not only by the Roman Catholic prelates and journals of Italy, Spain, and France, but even by that official journal of the whole Church, the "Osservatore Romano." This paper, publishing daily official notices from Leo XIII. and his secretaries, papal documents, and important communications on ecclesiastical affairs, has deservedly great weight with all Romanists. It declares that in the present conflict between two "heretical" powers there is to be no overthrow of Romanism in Manila; in South Africa it sees some chance for the Roman Church. It asks: "Can it be that this war is providential? Will Protestantism be exhausted by it? Has the period of the great transformation of the world begun, when the Church will accomplish a new conversion of the Gentiles? Let us have courage, determination, and faith in God, who is ever the God of armies." Last week this journal angrily added that "the Italian Liberals had reason to be Anglophile, because it was England they had to thank for the triumph of Freemasonry and the fall of the Pope's temporal power; but England would find to her cost that she had assisted in the triumph of the devil in Italy and South Africa." So speak the Roman Congregations, a power apparently more powerful than the perhaps otherwise-minded Pope. The desire for temporal power on the part of these real heads of the Church has probably kept Leo XIII. from interfering in favor of Dreyfus. Apparently they believe that, in the end, militant Roman Catholicism would lose by any association with men more deeply tinctured with Socialism than are their opponents. It was the same "Osservatore Romano" which expressed its satisfaction with the verdict of the Rennes court martial, and then complained because people found fault with Roman Catholics "for not espousing the cause of a Semite accused of treason." To this the London "Times" finely replied: "Who founded the Catholic Church but a Semite accused of treason?"

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Religious Awakening in France There is a village in France called "Huguenot," but the name has been a memorial of the past, not a sign of the present. For a long time, perhaps for centuries, there has not been one Protestant Christian in the whole district. Lafayette was born near by, and the Castle of Chavagnac Lafayette, with a village of the same name, is still in the possession of the Lafayette family. A hundred monasteries and convents are also in the vicinity, and a statue of Mary, sixty feet high, stands on a hill overlooking the town of Le Puy. A year ago an evangelist was sent to this supposed Catholic stronghold, namely, to the village of Le Monteil, four miles from Chavagnac Lafayette. In the short space of a twelvemonth he had

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gathered together a Protestant congregation of no less than a hundred and fifty persons. Besides being asked to remain among the people as their pastor, he has been besought by the people of twenty-two neighboring villages to come and tell them the story of the Gospel. In the manufacturing town, Langeac, near by, the same evangelist has built up a church of about two hundred members, many of whom were formerly atheistic Socialists. It is believed that the same startling success may attend Protestant ministrations in other parts of France which have hitherto known only the traditional rebound from superstition to atheism. The more rational reaction from ecclesiastical tyranny and ceremonialism, the turning to Protestantism, not atheism, is seen in the fact that the Reformed churches of France are quite unable to supply pastors for all the demands now made. These churches need aid from Protestants in other lands. In this country the Franco-American Committee of Evangelization has been sending the "sinews of war," to a certain extent. We should aid the Protestants of France, not only to give the Gospel to their countrymen, but also to establish churches with resident pastors, thus definitely occupying that place which only organized Christianity can satisfactorily fill. The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, is the President of the Franco-American Committee.

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The Philippine Friars Recent visitors to the Philippines, civil and military, have declared that the insurrection might be more quickly ended if Congress would only drive out the friars and confiscate Church property. Archbishop Chapelle, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, reminds us, however, that whatever the natives are they owe to the friars; by the friars they were lifted out of savagery and brought under the influences of Christianity; by the friars they were educated, not only in the schools, but, in the fields and workshops, were taught the very industries which are now the source of Filipino prosperity. Referring to the estates of the religious orders, Archbishop Chapelle claims that they have been acquired in the usual way by purchase, and in the course of nearly four centuries have naturally grown large; but, large as they are, "all are used for the betterment and uplifting of the natives." On the other hand, in his lately published "Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires," admitting that the friars have been the real power in the island, Mr. Shoemaker charges that they do not belong to the present age; they are of the Dark Ages; they have nothing in common with the enlightened Catholic Church of Europe and America. The account of their actions will astonish the members of that great Church in other lands than the Philippines. "Most friars make no pretense of leading chaste lives; it is a well-known fact that they have kept their mistresses openly, with no attempt at concealment." The memory of the affairs of the Convent of Santa Clara, which occurred ten years since, is still fresh in the minds of the English who reside at Manila. Mr. Shoemaker alleges that it was simply a decoy house into which girls were enticed by the friars. Turning from lechery to avarice, Mr. Shoemaker relates an incident which came under his personal observation:

> Chaplain Pierce, of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, was requested by a delegation of Filipinos to perform certain services, such as the burial of the dead, etc., for them. They were all poor people, and the priests of their Church had refused to bury the dead unless paid for that service, and also to allow a grave, unless paid for it. Hence the application to the American chaplain. That the prayer was granted goes without saying. The dead were buried, and that service led to a request by many for religious instruction. A school-house was obtained, and a service was held, the service-book of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew being used. Promptly the priests began to oppose the measure, and the schoolmaster was ordered to refuse the use of his building. The following Sunday, however, another service was held by the American chaplain, whereupon an application was made to Aguinaldo to forbid it. To his credit be it said, Aguinaldo replied that "the patriots had decreed a separation at once and forever of Church and State, and so long as I hold command or can influence matters, this order shall be maintained." The archbishop was then appealed to, and he ordered the schoolmaster, upon pain of dismissal, to close his house, ordered his simple furniture removed, and the books of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew to be burned. But service was held, no closing or burning was done, and our flag floats over the school-house.

Filipinos have claimed that the Spanish Government promised to expel, or at least

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to "secularize," the friars, as one of the conditions of settling the 1897–8 insurrection. Writing to The Outlook on this subject, the Duke of Arcos, Spanish Minister at Washington, says: "I do not know anything about such an agreement and I do not remember having seen it published. It seems that if such a promise relating to the friars had been made, the Filipino leaders would certainly have published the text of the agreement." Our relations with the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines promise to become increasingly interesting.

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Christian Chinese in California

In spite of California's treatment of the Chinese, Christianity is making progress among her Chinese population. The Rev. Jee Gam, who is now in the East in the interest of his mission in San Francisco, reports a resident membership of nearly four hundred Chinese Congregationalists, and perhaps twice as many more Chinese Christians in the churches of other denominations. The reason for these gains, he says, is that many Californians treat the Chinese with consideration. He himself lived in this country for six years before he thought of becoming a Christian. The change in his feeling came when he went to live in the family of the Rev. Dr. George Mooar. Here he was treated with a respect and a kindness that convinced him that there was something real in the Christian religion and led to his conversion. The early work of the mission proceeded under great difficulties—the unwillingness of many Christians to concede to Chinese the rights of fellow-men being the chief. The old bitterness, however, has died down since the passage of laws preventing the further immigration of Chinese, and this summer, for the first time since the year following the opening of the gold-fields, the Chinese were invited to take part in the Fourth of July celebration. This they did with enthusiasm, and presented a pageant that won universal admiration. Fortunately, too, the provisions of the United States Constitution require that every person born on American territory shall have the full privileges of American citizenship, and the number of American-born Chinese men—though still small in proportion to the population of 75,000 Chinese in California—is sufficient to make the attitude of the politicians more conciliatory. Mr. Jee Gam says that, while he himself cannot vote, because he is "not white and not black," he is bringing up three boys to be voters, and that one of them is already in the Oakland High School and well treated by his schoolfellows. For the new mission house which he is trying to purchase, his Society has already raised over $10,000, of which about one-quarter has come from Chinese Christians. About $8,000 yet remains to be raised. The Treasurer of the Society is William Johnstone, 524 Bartlett Street, San Francisco. It is hoped that the money needed will be given, and that the legal discriminations against Chinese residents will be removed. To exclude Chinese immigrants on the ground that they cannot be Americanized, and then exclude those here from all the privileges that do Americanize, is as bad in logic as it is in morals.

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The Order of St. Christopher

On Saturday of last week, at College Point, N. Y., occurred the reorganization of the non-sectarian Protestant Order of St. Christopher. A statement made at the Chapter-House of the hopes and plans of the work was followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. As the first line ever published concerning the activities of this Order was published in The Outlook (then The Christian Union), this paper has a special title to chronicle the Order's reorganization. Following the plans of the Brethren of St. John in Germany, the Order of St. Christopher fits young men for service as officers and employees in prisons and hospitals, and in institutions for the reclamation of drunkards, for aiding discharged prisoners, and for providing proper industrial training for wayward boys. The Order also acts as an agency for individuals in their personal charities, investigating cases, bestowing alms and counsel, reporting and furnishing vouchers directly to the givers themselves. It is interesting to note that the Order receives both men and women as members, quite without regard either to race or nationality. The only requirements are that applicants be consecrated to the service of Christ, that they have a

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decided vocation for institutional work, that they be free from debt, have no engagement to be married, and are not bound by parental obligation. Intending members sign an "Act of Faith and Resolution" expressing allegiance to Christ, and willingness to live lives of simple obedience and devotion to work as directed by the Order. Members must be in good physical health, free from serious deformity, must have had a good common-school education, and must be recommended by five people who have known them well for at least three years previously. All candidates enter upon a term of probation, at the termination of which they become novices. The novitiate lasts for six months, at the end of which period novices are free to leave the Order, or their relations to it may be terminated by the Brother Director. A full Brother enters upon an obligatory term of three years' training and services. At the conclusion of it he becomes a Free Brother, and, receiving a "Commendation" from the Order, may continue under its direction or enter upon an agreement with some organization working in harmony with the principles of the Order. Brothers and Sisters are furnished by the Order with their clothing, food, lodging, medical and dental attendance, and books, and are given five dollars a month for spending-money. The Brother Director is Mr. W. M. F. Round, O.S.C., and his town office is at 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York City. The Order is establishing an institution at College Point for boys who are restless under parental restraint; this institution and the Brotherhood are supported entirely by voluntary gifts.

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Hideous Advertising The latest (October) issue of "A Beautiful World," the annual publication of Scapa, the English society for preserving scenery from advertising disfigurement, chronicles a gratifying record of progress. Among minor successes may be noted the discontinuance of the recent London innovation of employing young girls as advertising-placard bearers on the streets. This was effected by the quiet influence of some prominent ladies whose attention was called to the matter by the Society. The agitation against the hideous advertisements on London omnibuses—in which little reform has been accomplished, although the chief Commissioner of Police promised to take the offense into consideration when issuing licenses—was brought to the notice of Mr. Muthesius, the technical attaché of the German Embassy. As a result of his official report, the Berlin President of Police has issued an ordinance "prohibiting advertisements on the outsides or on the windows of public omnibuses." The Northeastern Railway, which "has for years done much to encourage station gardens," has recently "carried consistency and logic far enough to banish from some of the country stations the whole incubus of staring plaques and painted boards." The Society's contention that this kind of advertising is "as wasteful for trade as injurious to the public" has been vindicated "by many notorious bankruptcies." At an exhibition of posters and other advertising devices in London last summer "the critical compiler of the catalogue pointed out that spectacular advertising was not nearly so efficient as advertising in less aggressive forms." But the great triumph of the year is the passage by Parliament of a private act (in principle identical with the general act whose passage the Society demands) conferring upon the municipal authorities of Edinburgh power to control the places where advertisements are allowed. Power was asked on the ground that the request "had the unanimous support of the citizens;" that the corporation spent large sums every year on public parks and gardens to increase the city's attractiveness both for visitors and for residents, and that it was inequitable to nullify these adornments by unsightly advertisements. The strength of public protest dated from the attempt in 1897 to place an illuminated sign on property in James's Court, overlooking Princes Street and the Mound, an attempt abandoned under pressure of public opinion. As far back as 1896 Edinburgh obtained from Parliament power to regulate sky-signs, but at that time the House of Commons committee refused to extend this power to advertisements in general. The fact that this power has now been granted marks a noteworthy advance in public opinion. Of almost equal interest to American tourists with the case of Edinburgh is that of Richmond,

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where, under pressure of public opinion, Glover Island has been saved from conversion into a huge "advertising station."

Latin Decadence and Slav Advance

Latin decadence is the subject of notable articles in the August and September numbers of the Rome "Nuova Antologia." While it is true that corruption, vice, and luxury were three causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, they were but secondary and concomitant; the real cause, according to the writer of the first article, was immobility.

Immobility is really retrogression, because, amidst a universal progression, to remain in primitive conditions is to remain behind the rest. This accounts for what the writer of the article considers the present decadence of the Latin nations—Spain, Portugal, Italy, even France.

One instance of such immobility cited is found in the restraining of thousands of students by scholastic ordinances. These, according to this observer, tend to perpetuate a supposed ancient Latin supremacy, through courses of classical study, which must be pursued not only as the sole means of obtaining culture, but also of obtaining social position and important governmental posts. The very teaching of history may be detrimental to any historic people, who, having keen consciousness of past greatness, and a desire to restore that greatness under old forms, are apt to shut out political and social innovations. Now, "while really progressive nations have advanced through Latin forms and usages to a civilization beyond and above them, the old forms and usages constitute to-day only a fatal anachronism, an arrest of the motion of modern life."

If, says the writer, a principle of new civil life appeared at the time of the Renaissance, it was because Latin civilization had been resurrected in a new form, and because the arts and sciences, almost for the first time, participated prominently in the movement. The nations of Central Europe were quick to profit by this transformed Latin civilization. On the other hand, the Latin nations themselves did not take sufficient, if any, advantage, and are now running the risk of grave consequences. Those nations have become impoverished by a political and social paralysis which prevents them from competing with more progressive peoples. Insisting upon keeping up the appearance of power and wealth, the history of their colonies, for instance, clearly reveals both weakness and poverty. Their decadence is invading art and science as well as politics and national defense. However, peoples do not die even if nations pass away.

Replying to this view, a contributor to the "Nuova Antologia" of a month later declares that the Latins are not at liberty to move in these new directions. They are not at liberty even to speak, much less to move. Under pretext of protecting civic health, a Latin government is apt to muzzle its citizens as if they were mad dogs. As an instance of this prohibition of speech, the author cites the "Italia Irredenta," so dear to all Italians—namely, the inclusion of Italian-speaking Austria in the Kingdom of Italy. If such a subject is mentioned in any public meeting, however, the authorities immediately intervene. The very first necessity, then, toward moving in new directions is lacking. The course of the chariot of state compels the people to get out of the way and to remain immobile, so that they may not be crushed under the wheels. Then it is that, excluded from a natural participation in affairs, the serious Latin takes refuge in thought, and the trivial Latin consoles himself with mere pleasures. Both only accentuate the national inaction.

The author concedes the Latin fault of shallowness, although there are many and noble exceptions to the rule. The Latins, for the most part, forget quickly; in saying that they even dance on the grave of their hopes the author was perhaps thinking of Spain's crowded theaters and bull-rings during the days when she was losing her colonial empire. This shallowness is not altogether the fault of the Latins; they have not enjoyed that virile education which comes only through the exercise of political and civil liberty.

While perhaps one does not occasion the other, by a curious coincidence the Latin decline is co-existent with a Slav advance. The population of the Russian

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Empire is now between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and forty million people. Finnish and Tartar elements are represented in it, but the majority of the population is Slav. Not alone in Russia, however, large as it is, is the majority element increasing; it has overflowed the bounds of that empire. Slav Bohemia is daily augmenting her numbers and influence, while in the Balkans the question between Greek and Slav as to future rulership has already been settled in favor of the latter. Magyar independence itself is menaced by Slavs, not only along the eastern and southern borders of Hungary, namely, from Rumania and Servia, but also along the Hungarian northern and western frontiers, namely, from the Austrian provinces of Galicia, Moravia, Styria, and Croatia. Even in Carinthia and Carniola, further west, the Slav population is rapidly and alarmingly increasing. It has thus come to the bounds of the "Italia Irredenta," and its huge bulk is slowly pushing the weaker Latins westward.

It seems as if the increase of the Slavs during the next decade might be as prodigious as it has been in recent years. In view of these further numbers, the question arises, What lands will they occupy?

At this psychological moment the immobility of Latin countries is apparently more pronounced than ever. Their surplus population comes to the Americas. The present Slav movement may become another northern incursion, and, like those of the Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, again bring into Italy and Spain an infusion of new blood.

Indeed, it is not impossible that the Slav element may one day preponderate on the Continent. Would Europe be the gainer? Granted that such a change would tend to efface the weaker elements in the Latins and so on the European Continent, is it worth the sacrifice of those higher Latin qualities—adaptability, receptivity, logic, heroism? We recognize that the Slav advance is already forcing upon Europe men of primitive, elemental enthusiasms, of almost barbaric benevolence, of remarkable self-control. We recognize none the less, however, that a Slav advance brings to the front men far more resigned than are the Latins in submission to autocratic authority, and—perhaps because of centuries of such patience—disingenuous, secretive, mysterious in movement, lacking in hope. Civilization could ill afford to lose the genius of the Latin race.

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Pastoral Letters

The Changeless in the Ever-Changing

It seems as though Dr. —— had worked out a theology large enough to include everything, but I suppose that cannot be. There is always more. Shall we ever come to the end? If I live to be as old as Dr. ——, and go on thinking, shall I ever come to a time when I can rest satisfied with my creed, or must there always be more or less mental conflict?

No! we shall never come to the end. There is no end. When we cease to think, we cease to live; and all thinking is a process of question and answer. Life is growth, and growth is conflict. Some questions you may answer, some conclusions you may reach; but every answer will only lead on to new questions, every conclusion will be only a turn in the road which will open before you a new vista. You may, indeed, never make a beginning. You may accept an autho itative and infallible Church. Its decrees may be present decrees, interpreted by a living hierarchy—a Pope and a priesthood; or its decrees may be historical decrees, rendered by a body of divines in the sixteenth century. In either case you may accept them as final and authoritative. You may believe what they tell you because they tell it to you. Defense for such a course is not wanting. You may regard this hierarchy, whether past or present, as one of experts, and adopt their conclusions without questioning, as you accept the conclusions of an expert astronomer or chemist without going into the observatory of the one or the laboratory of the other. In that case you will have a finished theology; it will be finished because it is not the product of your thinking. You resign the responsibilities and the liberty of thinking, and accept the thoughts of other men. You have no theology but a borrowed theology. There are a great many good men and women who do this. They are not thinkers; but that does not prevent them from being truly devout.

But if you intend to do your own thinking, you will never come to the end.

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Though you should live to be as old as Methuselah and go on thinking, you will never come to a time when you can rest satisfied with your creed. This is the penalty which men pay for the privilege of thinking. If they once begin, they cannot stop. Thinking creates the capacity to think, and imposes the necessity of more thinking.

It is always so; and for a very simple reason: all our thinking has to do with infinite topics; and the finite never can come to the end of the infinite; nor rest satisfied with what has been discovered concerning the infinite. All our thinking, I say—for it is not theology alone which deals with the infinite. There are infinite spaces in the stellar universe; infinite combinations possible to chemical constituents; infinite possibilities in the realm of pure mathematics; infinite varieties in the relations of man to man in complex and ever-changing society; infinite possibilities of charm and inspiration in literature, art, and music. In none, therefore, is there an end. Each new thinker traverses the path of previous thinkers, corrects his errors in the light of a larger knowledge, and goes on to add to the thoughts which his predecessor had added to those who had been his predecessors. Thus science and literature and art are ever changing. There is ever a new astronomy, a new chemistry, a new biology, a new psychology, a new moral philosophy. Herschel follows Newton, Faraday follows Lavoisier, Browning follows Shakespeare, Beethoven follows Bach, and Wagner Beethoven. Watts follows Rembrandt, as Rembrandt followed Raphael. And still the procession moves on—never-ending. There will be new astronomers, new chemists, new poets, new musicians, new painters. Some will be mere copyists, learning what their predecessors have to teach and repeating it; some will be interpreters, reading into the work of the past a new significance; some will add by discovery what they have found through the observatory, through the laboratory, through the ministry of their own imagination and their own creative taste. All science, art, imagination, are searching for divine truth, beauty, life; and the search is endless because the realm is endless. We are explorers of a boundless continent.

What is true in every department of life is surely true in the spiritual department. Theology is the knowledge of God. Can we ever come to the end of the knowledge of the Infinite and the Eternal? A creed is at best only an attempt to tell what we have found. Every creed is imperfect, partly because language is an imperfect instrument of thought, partly because thought is an imperfect interpretation of God. We only know in part and prophesy in part; we see only as in a mirror, darkly.

Is there, then, nothing certain in religion, nothing changeless in this ever-changing world of thought? Is religion only what we make it by our thinking? The answer is as ready as it is simple. The stars are ever the same, though astronomy changes; the flowers ever the same, though botany changes; the chemical constituents ever the same, though chemistry changes; the essential laws of form and color and harmony are ever the same, though their interpreters are ever changing; the essential principles of human life are ever the same, though the poets and dramatists and novelists present ever-changing portrayals of human nature. So God and his truth and his law and his love are changeless, though our understanding of them is ever changing. And that life of God in the souls of men which constitutes religion is changeless, though the manifestations of that life are ever changing. The eye which sees the stars, the eager desire to see more than ever yet has been seen, the clear perception of the uniformity of law which makes that quest hopeful, remain ever unchanging, though every new generation brings a correction of old errors or a new discovery. So faith, the power which perceives the invisible, hope, the unquenchable aspiration for something nobler in the future than has been attained in the past, and love, the bond of perfectness which binds us each to his brother because all to God, remain ever unchanging, though there are new visions of the invisible, new hopes of its attainment, new developments of love, and new manifestations of its spirit in new conditions. And even when the veil of flesh is laid aside, and we see with clearer vision, there will be no end—for as long as we live we shall grow, and the change from glory to glory will be eternal. But we need not await that day to rest in the

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changeless which is manifested through the ever-changing—that is, in the God who is ever the same in all these infinite manifestations of his presence.

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A Wayside Gospel

Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones is a hard-working, warm-hearted Unitarian preacher of Chicago, who belongs to no school, but speaks his own mind in his own way with refreshing frankness; one of those men with whom it is not necessary to agree in order to enjoy his individuality, and from whom one may differ sharply without losing a sense of something liberalizing and inspiring in contact with his personality. He is now addressing a larger congregation in his "Bits of Wayside Gospel" (Macmillan), a volume of unconventional sermons, full of contagious freedom and joyousness; a book to be read by those who want to know how to be happy though good, and how to be attractive, broad-minded, and in sympathy with nature and art and men, and at the same time as devoutly religious as were the old saints and ascetics. This book is a specific for spiritual dullness, and a remedy for ecclesiastical narrowness. It is the gospel of St. Francis of Assisi in modern dress; it overflows with the love of animals and of nature as well as of men. It is also an antidote for too much indoor work and too little out-of-door life, which is the bane of many preachers and the secret of much pulpit failure. It has something to teach those who think that in order to be religious one must part with all his natural flavor, and in order to consecrate one's self to the service of God and man one must crystallize his faith into a rigid series of propositions and his manners into a formulated code of carefully supervised gestures and expressions. It is, in other words, a gospel of out-of-door freedom.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Jones to be presented on a certain occasion with a purse and a horse, and an imperative command to get on the horse and betake himself to the open country. In two days he was in the saddle and beginning one of those acquaintances with an animal from which a man has so much to learn. That acquaintance was deepened by hundreds of miles of travel and the most intimate intercourse. Sometimes the man and the horse would fall into a reverie which would last for miles; again they would have the most intimate conversation. Jess preferred the roads that led to the haunts of human nature; the rider preferred those which led to wild nature. Jess preferred well-ordered highways; the rider had a passion for by-paths and by-ways of every kind. Jess was delighted when she saw a village; the rider was filled with joy when he saw a landscape without a house in sight: between the two the country was fairly well explored. The rider forgot the work in which he had begun to exhaust himself; the problems of the great city which were pressing too heavily on his heart; the perplexities of the State which had begun to press too heavily on his thought. He had penetrated into fellowship with a new order of beings, and he had an entirely different set of questions presented to him. Jess was indifferent to all his former occupations; she was intensely interested in the present excursion, and so, imperceptibly but effectively, she carried her rider away out of his old life into a new life of freedom and joy.

"Universal comradeship with all living things," writes Mr. Jones, "will make life heavenly with or without heaven." Traveling on horseback through a new country means not only getting away from one's old vocation and throwing off one's old cares, but forming the acquaintance of a new kind of life, which is in itself one of the deepest educational experiences. The rider of the horse entered into fellowship with men and women whose conditions were entirely different from any he had ever known before. He saw the labor problem at home, so to speak, and he found in the most remote, obscure, and elementary houses examples of devotion and patience, and even a love of the beautiful, which made him think better of his kind. He learned, above all, that a man may have a passion for the beautiful in his soul and put it into his work when he is dealing with the most common things. He recalled the enthusiasm of the Dutch farmer who talked to his cabbages, encouraged them when they grew as they ought to grow, caressed his melons and induced them, by warm expressions of approval, to make the most of

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their opportunities of growing. "I quarrel often," writes Mr. Jones, "with the present distribution of wealth. There are many who do not play the game of life fairly, who get more than their share and act meanly about it. I long for the power to help my companions, the toilers of the world, the wage-workers in society; but I would like to go to them with a song and not with a groan; I would like to divert them from their woes rather than dilate upon them. Let the labor organizations send a minstrel through their shops rather than a walking delegate. Let him go with his pipes and play the tune of 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' and he will shorten their hours of labor and increase the bread-purchasing power of their wages. The hope of the artisan is art; the salt of toil is beauty. 'Give me a new thought, that I may refresh myself with it,' said the suffering Herder. 'Read me something, something that has meat in it, something from Paul,' said the dying Lute Taylor."

Those who are dealing with city problems should get away from cities in order to see things in true perspective and to keep their sanity. Traveling at large and at his own charges through the central West, captivated by the beauty of the rolling landscape and the friendliness and integrity of those unnumbered homes in which lie the safety and the promise of American society, Mr. Jones came to see the cities from a new point of view, and to catch a clearer glimpse of what their conditions mean and what they impose on those who are trying to deal with them. God made the cities as well as the country, and there is a spiritual education in the opportunities of the city which the country cannot furnish. "The city is a teacher of humanities as the country never can be. It is in the city that the greatest solitude overtakes the human soul. The altruistic heart is drawn to the city as the mother is drawn to the crying child. It is our spiritual blindness, the undeveloped condition of our souls, that locates sublimity on the mountain-top only, and finds poetry in forest depths alone. The city, however wretched, is a greater study and furnishes deeper impulse to the spiritual man than any seaside or water-side. It is for us to construct a celestial superstructure on terrestrial foundations, making our earthly city so clean, wholesome, temperate, and beautiful that it will indeed be 'a new Jerusalem,' the city of God, the light of nations."

It is not so much a privilege as a duty to break away and roam; for it is the traveler alone who, by the opportunities of a larger contrast and comparison, arrives at the true value of things at home; and it is the man who from time to time walks away from his working life and looks at it from a distance who discerns clearly the remote ends for which he ought to work and adjusts wisely his time, his strength, and his means to his task.

❀

Highway Robbery

Within the past few weeks newspapers in this city and its vicinity have abounded in such titles as "Streets Stolen," "Tracks Torn Up," "Roads Ruined." The cause is found in several unusually audacious and impudent attempts on the part of rival trolley corporations to violate the rights of the public and even to defy the law itself. The usefulness of the trolley roads between surburban towns is unquestioned, but their rapid extension has led to gross carelessness in the matter of protecting the roads. Thus, Westchester County, where the particular outrages above referred to took place, has been, at great cost and labor, provided with many fine macadamized roads, leading often through beautiful scenery; their use forms one of the most agreeable of country pleasures to be had near New York, to say nothing of their great and increasing practical utility. That such roads as these should be wantonly and repeatedly torn up without sanction of law and while litigation as to rival franchises is still pending—yes, even when injunctions are in force to prevent this very thing—justifies the epithet high-handed robbery. In one recent case the two rival companies put five hundred men (about evenly divided) at work simultaneously on a short section of road, laying their rival tracks side by side and absolutely ruining the road unless it be entirely rebuilt. Fights between the laborers of the two gangs were common, and something very like a pitched battle has been repeatedly threatened. In this case one of the companies had only

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the most shadowy, second-hand, semi-defunct claim, and the residents along the road were striving to obtain an opportunity to be heard in the matter. At another place in the same county a city government was obliged to remove forcibly a line of rail and to protect its laborers by a platoon of police against a threatened armed attack by the corporation's employees.

Of the bribery of small city and village officials—men to whom a hundred dollars is a strong temptation—of the pulling of political wires for corporation ends, and of the incessant employment of legal trickery and subterfuge, there are constant accusations and clear moral evidence. But what we note here is the increasing tendency of these contending litigants, the rival trolley companies, to forestall the decisions of courts and grants of franchises by actual violence. This sort of thing grows with immunity. It is time that an example should be made of the more flagrant violators of the law. Confiscation of roads and road privileges has become altogether too common and too easy. The prize in these vicious rivalries is usually not immediate profit, but the rich future possibilities of gain. The people, too, should look to the future and fight vigorously for their parkways, beautiful residence streets, and costly highroads.

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The Cuban Industrial Relief Fund

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook)

Previously acknowledged	$6,479 13
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Total	$6,651 13

The Spectator

Among the Spectator's friends in college twenty years ago, more or less, was one who "worked his way through." Not being brilliant—indeed, he was only passably clever—this friend could not fall back upon "coaching" or private "tutoring," the great resource of "high-stand" men of limited means. So he was often hard put to it to find a way of earning needed dollars, and one summer he actually "carried a hod" for the best part of the long vacation. In short, he was ready to do any honest, manly work that came in his way. He won and kept the liking of his fellow-students, as well as their respect for his sturdiness of character. This, later, served him in good stead for brilliancy after he got out into life. Through it he has made his way to a responsible place in the community of his residence—the sort of ending to that kind of struggle which it is so satisfactory to find in the real world no less than in one type of Sunday-school book. There were two things, however, at which, in his college days, the Spectator's friend drew the line—borrowing, and serving as waiter at a summer hotel.

❀

The Spectator has, rightly or wrongly, always shared his friend's feeling that hod-carrying was manly work, while waiting at a hotel table was unmanly work in its suggestion of servility. Last summer, however, he had occasion to revise this view, at least to the extent of acknowledging that a hotel waitress may be a lady, in the best sense of a much-abused and now almost tabooed word. She can be a lady not only—and here lies the emphasis—in the ordinary relations of life, but in her relations to the hotel guest whom she is serving, by a manner free from servility and equally free from disagreeable assertiveness of a disputed equality. Indeed, the restraint of manner was so perfect, in recognition of the work being done, that of itself it gave suggestion of breeding. The Spectator talked with the hotel doctor, who, to his amusement, seemed to play much the same part in chatting with the guests and making them "feel at home" as does the ship's doctor on an ocean liner. According to the doctor, the force

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of waitresses included not a few women studying medicine as well as school-teachers, besides one young woman from California who wanted to see the East and could afford to travel only by some such expedient. To see this battalion of young women dressed in white—not black—moving through the great, brilliantly lighted dining-hall filled with seven hundred guests, where all appointments were fresh and dainty, and flowers added fragrance to every table, was an object-lesson in the æsthetic possibilities of fitness which can make of service a lady's work.

❀

At more than one hotel where the Spectator stopped subsequently during his short summer trip, the remembrance of these "lady waitresses" was forced back upon him by way of contrast. At one leading Canadian hotel, for example, where the service was particularly bad, the Spectator found that the waiters were imported hundreds of miles from Boston and New York. Being, of course, those who, as a rule, lacked steady places at home, and proving largely inefficient, a number from each invoice were shipped back at the end of each week and their places supplied with fresh importations. Yet, so the Spectator was told, the number of people out of employment in that vicinity was depressingly large. At another resort, one possibly as well known by name as any in the States, the waiters were all colored, of a type, unfortunately, which explains why the colored brother has been so completely displaced as a hotel waiter in New York and many of the larger cities; the type that with open obviousness conforms service to the expected size of the fee, and in the person of the head waiter waves the ordinary guest to an obscure seat with an insolent condescension which means a preliminary payment of five dollars as the price of ordinary decency. This experience set the Spectator wondering whether the old type of colored waiter had completely passed away—the type of loquacious, though not familiar, waiter, sincerely interested in the guest's wants and amusingly anxious to supply them, sometimes a little over-zealous, but never offensive and always unaffectedly friendly; a warm-hearted type to which only the social martinet could be unresponsive. The Spectator was glad later to discover the persistence of that type at Saratoga.

❀

The Spectator was at Saratoga during the meetings of the Social Scientists, and witnessed a little incident bearing on the Southern attitude toward the race question which seemed to him typical of the old South and the new. A paper had been read by President Baldwin, of the Long Island Railroad—Mr. Baldwin is one of Mr. Booker T. Washington's trustees—in which the claim was made that the race question will be solved as soon as the colored man is ready to accept the opportunities of industrial education, and to ignore questions of politics and social equality until a new recognition has been earned on a readjustment of race relationship. In the audience was Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, the Radical race leader, who, being granted the privilege of the floor, entered an impassioned protest against any implied limitation on education for the black that did not apply equally to the white—a protest which sentimentally appealed to all as the natural feeling of one of Mr. Fortune's self-won position despite his color. Near the Spectator were seated two Southern lawyers from different States. The one could hardly restrain himself, so evidently indignant was he that a representative audience could thus permit itself to be harangued by one of the despised race. As he twisted nervously about in his seat, the Spectator was prepared for an outbreak—a "scene"—from him at any moment, and drew a sigh of relief when Mr. Fortune finished. The other Southern lawyer sat as interested, but apparently as unconcerned, personally, as any Northerner in the audience. When the protest was finished, he rose and asked permission to make a reply. He began by complimenting Mr. Fortune on the strength of his appeal, conceding the theoretical injustice of much against which he protested. He then passed on to emphasize the fact that the race question in the South is a condition and not a theory, and made the same appeal as Mr. Baldwin, based on personal experience, for the elimination of the race question from politics and society, in the name of both races. What interested the

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Spectator was the attitude of the first Southerner while the second Southerner was speaking. At the start he seemed even more indignant than during Mr. Fortune's protest—that a Southern white man should actually so far forget himself as to answer a colored man. But as the second Southerner went on, making his points with so much consideration, yet with evident certainty of conviction, the first Southerner gradually came to a state of rest, listening quietly and attentively, and in the end joined in the applause as heartily as any one present. It was a great triumph for the method of the new over the old South.

❀

While at Saratoga the Spectator met a Charleston friend who, in discussing the race question, related a curious incident of the shooting of Captain Dawson, the well-known editor of the Charleston "News and Courier." Captain Dawson, it will be recalled, was pre-eminently a man of the new South. He was specially honored by the Pope for his services in bringing dueling into disrepute, and had also an honorable record for his strong protests against lynching. Captain Dawson, it may be remembered, called at the house of a neighbor to protest against the neighbor's offensive attentions, as he construed them, paid to a governess in his own family. In the altercation that ensued he was shot and killed. Indignation ran high that night in Charleston, Captain Dawson being universally popular, and the general belief being, then, at least, that the shooting was not in self-defense. The sheriff intimated to the employees of the "News and Courier" that if an attack were made on the jail there wou d be no resistance, and the employees actually headed a crowd that started, rope in hand, for the jail. Before they had gone a block one of the printers halted them, exclaiming passionately: "Boys, if the old man were alive, the first thing he would say would be—'Give the law a chance.' Can we do for him dead what he would stop us from doing if living?" The cry, "Give the law a chance," was taken up and heeded, the crowd slowly dispersing. "And," added the Spectator's friend, "the neighbor who shot Captain Dawson was legally tried and acquitted. Captain Dawson's protests against lynching saved the neck of the man who killed him."

❀

The telling of this story to a group of interested listeners led to the telling of quite a different story of the curious vagaries of the inebriated brain. It concerns another prominent editor, not a Southerner, now deceased, whose name, for obvious reasons, the Spectator withholds. This editor had but one failing, the conspicuous failing, it sometimes seems, of brilliant men, that of occasional inebriation. One evening, in this condition, when he was sure to be seized with some strange fancy, he came in after an evening at the theater, where he had seen Kean in Richard III., to dictate a notice. With ingenuity and genuine subtlety, he elaborated in apparently perfect good faith the absurd proposition that Kean was too great an actor to waste time on such trivialities as Shakespearean productions, and should find a play worthy of his powers. His managing editor, to whose attention the offender called the article, with an injunction to omit it if it would not do (being apparently sober enough to appreciate that he had done at least a *risqué* thing), decided to print it as an awful warning to the editor himself. The sensation it caused the next day, and the anger of the actor, who threatened a libel suit for what he took to be a sarcastic attack, actually had the sobering effect desired.

❀

The inebriated editor's topsy-turvy view of Kean and Shakespeare recalled to the Spectator a delightful story with a delightful moral to it told by Professor Trent in a recent essay. A college student, being asked whether he thought Bacon could have written Shakespeare's plays, replied indignantly, being more in love with philosophy than with poetry, "Not much! He wouldn't have wasted his time on such wretched stuff!" That young man, adds Professor Trent, "was not joking, on the principle that a foolish question required a foolish answer; he was merely furnishing an unconscious example of the folly of untrained, impressionist criticism."

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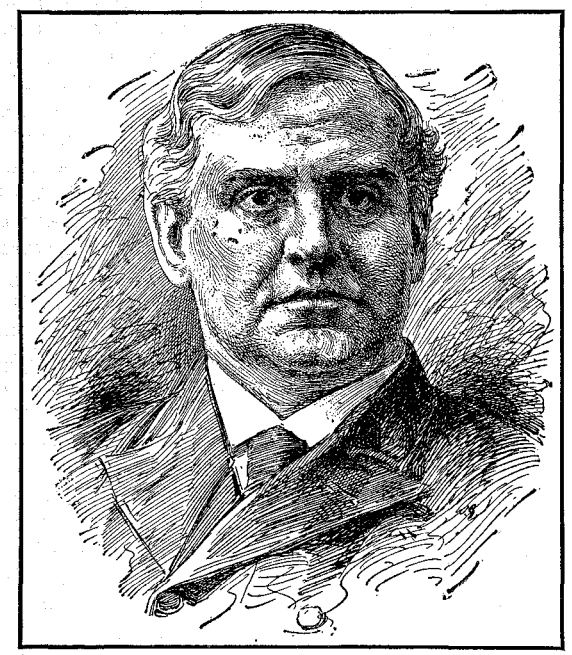
OPTIMISM



The Last *Thanksgiving Sermon* of PHILLIPS BROOKS

AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD MADE, AND, BEHOLD, IT WAS VERY GOOD.—GEN. I., 31.

THE creation of the world is complete. The heavens above, the earth beneath, the water under the earth, are all there, and the multitude of living creatures; and God, the creator, declares they are very good. A man makes something. He has made it, and then passes judgment upon it. The artist looks upon his picture, the poet upon the song he has sung, the inventor upon his invention. It is of infinite importance to him whether it is good. These things are feeble pictures of the scene set before us in these closing verses of the first chapter of Genesis. God himself was brought forth in that world. It is a part of his own being. He is looking upon himself when he looks upon the world.

Behind all progress, behind all life any man is living at any moment, there always will sound a great undertone which must beat through every conception man must have of himself and his fortunes—this first utterance of God when he looked upon the earth, "and, behold, it was very good." I know not what words could come to us on Thanksgiving Day, on this day of rejoicing, so richly as these words of God himself when he looked forth on the new-made world, and "it was very good."

There are two different facts to be noted with regard to man and his work and progress. One of them is the actual condition of the world, and the other is man's conception of it. They belong together. The one is the essential nature and character of the world, and the other is what man thinks with relation to the world. They are two different facts. The one is objective, the other subjective; that which exists in fact, and that which exists in thought. It is good for man to study these. He is studying the great conditions of life—how the hills were built,

[1] This sermon was preached in Trinity Church, Boston, on November 24, 1892. The notes from which this arcicle were transcribed were furnished to The Outlook by the Rev. L. H. Waring.

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how they are building. He is studying history, and economic and social life. Along with the actual facts it is well for man to see whether his thoughts and feelings concerning them are right. What does man think of the world? God proclaims it is good. He looks abroad and sees, as no human being ever began to see, all the possibilities of evil, all the issues involved, every sin that has been committed or is going to be, all the dangers and perils; and yet there remains the everlasting word of God that declares it is very good. Now, does man take that same view of it? As we listen to the chatter and musings of our fellow-men, we find there are two distinct conceptions on the part of men, one of which coincides with the voice of God, the other being directly opposed and contradictory to God's word. They come to us out of our homes and out of our streets—these two conceptions, one that it is a bad world, and one that it is a good world. One man calls himself a pessimist, and believes that this world is distinctly a bad one, and that it is moving on to more evil. He sees evil behind every hill, beating in every pulse, in every movement and in every development of human life. What a power the pessimist is in the world! In certain shapes this voice is louder in this time than any other times—when philosophers are declaring, as if it were an exhaustive statement, that the great evil of this world is the will of man to live; that man would escape from life by suicide, if suicide really were an escape from life; when these philosophers write books and have schools for pupils who teach after them; when, in the ordinary talk of man to man about the future, there is this cry, "The world is growing worse and worse, and man is moving on towards destruction;" when something like a wail meets the new-born babe, and when the old man is dismissed again and again as if he had escaped from the world. When that is current, I say it is time for us to beware of pessimism.

What right have we who are optimists to be optimists? One of these two great classes of men forever delightedly, enthusiastically repeats the words of God, and the other denies them every day. It is necessary that we should explain exactly what we mean by optimism. To some, to many people, it is a silly sound. The pessimist says, "Yes, you have not been in the slum. You have not looked upon pinched faces. Therefore you say this world is a good world." Now our claim is, the more, the longer, a man lives, the more of an optimist he is. This is a time of definition. It is not so much a time when people believe this and disbelieve that as one when we dispute about our terms. The world is going down into profounder thought and understanding because it will believe or disbelieve with an intenser action on the soul. What do we mean, then, by optimism? It is not a thing of temperament. It is not that certain people are born with cheerful dispositions and other people with gloomy souls. There is that predisposition this way or that way; but natural temperament alone would make man no more than a brute. Nor is optimism the belief that this is a thoroughly good world in which we live; nor is it simply a careless passing over of the evils of life because we do not choose to look at them. On the contrary, a man is an optimist just because he thinks the world a good one, because he sees the whiteness in which God made it, because he sees its possibilities behind every accomplishment. The optimist is the one who feels most bitterly and fully the sin and degradation in the world. Nor is optimism a way of seeing how everything is going to come out for good. A man says, "Tell me what is going to happen; how is this evil to be eradicated." When I say, "I cannot tell," he turns to me and says, "What sort of optimism is that which does not know how the accomplishment is to be?" But the full, complete fulfillment of life would not be that. I know the time shall come when I shall enter into knowledge and truth and into communion with God. Optimism is not personal temperament, nor careless, idle desire, nor simply a broad, clear anticipation of every detail in which the world is going to work itself.

On the other hand, what is it? It is a great belief in a great purpose underlying the world for good, for human fulfillment, which is absolutely certain to fulfill itself somewhere, somehow. Where, how, I do not know. No man does know. There is this underlying purpose, in which there are perpetual hindrances, but more and

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more asserting its own fulfillment. That is optimism. That is what God saw when he looked upon the world and knew. Do you think God was surprised or disappointed when, by and by, the creature he had created sinned? Did not God know beforehand the possibility, the power, of sin? The optimist hears underground, and sees every now and then breaking under the surface, in the Everlasting Presence, the hope that such a history of man has not been able to subdue and that the black and hateful devils of human life have not been able to crush. The hopes of man, the thoughts of man, are facts, as true as the mountain that stands, the battle that has been fought, the reformation that has been made; and this hope of the certainty, the fact that optimism exists, that man is able to conceive of it and keep it, is, in a certain sense, proof that optimism is true. A man who believes in it more and more, even with sin and misery turning up—a man may even, by the very capacity of sinfulness, by the accidents of misfortune and calamity, find some new opening into that great dream. There is the everlasting growth of man in those great things which must of necessity fulfill themselves. What are the things that are growing greater—greater in the world to-day than at any time before? The sense of responsibility and the consciousness of wrong. I defy a man to put his finger upon any page of history when it was clearer than it is to-day that man has something to do with his brethren and that they are his brethren. Yes, it belongs to nations, too. No nation dare act to-day in sublime selfishness. No man dare act to-day as if he didn't care for anybody behind himself.

The deepest life of every human creature, wherever it shows itself, is found in reaching forth in sympathy and acceptation, in the everlasting presence of optimism, the hope that justifies itself, and the growth of responsibility and human brotherhood. It is no trifler who believes in those things and reads their secrets. Let us get rid of the idea that optimism is a mere expedient for happiness, that it is a gay and cheerful way of looking at this world. That there is before man a certain end, that there is in him a prophecy of what a man may be, moves him as it can never move a man who thinks it is all natural, and who knows no eagle soaring to the sun. The sadness and joy of life belong together. The gladder the world is, the sadder it is; and the sadder it is, the gladder it will be. May I read you the words of the greatest optimist of modern times:

> "That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."[1]

God is not one who sets the world running like a clock. He is the everlasting Life and Light.

Who are they who have been optimists? That is one way we judge of the deepest spiritual truths of any thought. Have they been men who simply dwelt upon the surface of things? I cannot call their names, for they are legion, but the poets are all optimists. Tennyson, sad as he is, sings it every day. It was the same with Browning, and with our own Lowell and his great strains; and it was the same with Whittier, too, who had a hope. They were men who were poets because their souls were full of the certainty of the fulfillment of our human life. Every man must take a hand to make the world better.

All religions are optimistic. A religion is religious just in proportion as it is optimistic. Our race is an optimistic race. Our land is an optimistic land, in spite of the dreamers' ugly dreams. Even in the generations not yet passed away is seen a great revulsion, a casting out of a vast iniquity, and colossal peace. Who is the optimist of all optimists? Who stands in the center of human history and sees everything, and in its inmost depths knows what it really is? Christ is the optimist, with his blessing and pitying hands. Nobody ever believed in the certain fulfillment of human life as he did. Oh! my friends, we are in grand company when we are optimists. If we may not soar with the highest of them, at least we will look up and rejoice in their soaring.

This, then, is what we claim as the justification of our optimism. Nay; go back to the beginning. It came forth from God, who in his first great utterance declared the world good. Our optimism, then, is no silly thing; and its justification is by its own hope. Oh, my friends, never be ashamed, in your college room or in

[1] Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

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the club, of optimism. Take your book and go forth and get into the purest life and surest company. Only he who knows goodness sees badness with a genuine insight and energetic movement. With endless difficulties around us, let us not let our arms drop and be idle. We think that this end of the century is leading into something beyond. It is not that we see some bright light; but there is something in the air, in the souls of men, that makes us hope. In nearing the end of the tunnel, something in the sound of the train without a ray of light, something in the rails under the train, tells us that we are nearing the end of the tunnel; so I think we are hearing a different sound and will see a new light; and when we shall have entered into full light, we shall know that God was not wrong and that we have not hoped in vain.

As Christ made the world better for those who were to come after him, we may not only enter into that salvation, but add something to the full development and manifestation of it ourselves. Let us go our way, saying to our own souls, "Christ has overcome."

Thanksgiving

By Jeanie Rogers Sherman

Dear Lord, on this thy day of days
  Forgive me, if to thee,
In place of songs replete with praise,
This prayer alone my heart essays,
  "Work thou thy will in me."

I cannot thank thee for the pain
  With which I wait to hear
Familiar footsteps, or again
Listen for songs whose blithe refrain
  Made glad our hearts last year.

I cannot praise. Beneath thy cross
  I bow, and silently,
With eyes washed clear of much of dross,
I strive to see, above my loss,
  The joy of those with thee.

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George Henry Boughton

THE Puritan element in American life, coming so naturally and insistently to mind at this Thanksgiving season, has never been more accurately set forth than in the pictures of Mr. George Henry Boughton. On the following pages two reproductions of his work may be found.

There is always an answering thrill when we read, see, or hear a proper presentment of that old-time life. Books, family pictures, and family traditions have told us much, of course, but, with the best kind of history-telling, like Mr. Boughton's, for example, the Puritan epoch becomes almost a contemporary existence; it is an old force ever new; it re-enters the heart of our national life, a life inherited from our fathers, no matter how much the necessities of a new age compel its transformation.

Americans are apt to think of Mr. Boughton as an American-born genre painter. So large a number of his many pictures are so illustrative of New England history that we instinctively ascribe their source to a New England man. The early, educative, formative environment of their painter was, indeed, American, though not of New England. Mr. Boughton was born in 1834 near Ipswich, England, but when only three years old came with his parents to this country. They settled at Albany, where, with the exception of a sketching trip in the British Isles when he was nineteen, the boy played, studied, drew, and painted until 1858. He was self-taught, self-made.

When he was twenty-four, he went to New York and remained two years. He first exhibited at the National Academy of Design. Then he went to Paris for a year, and then to London, where he has been ever since. In 1871 he was elected into our National Academy; eight years later into the London Royal Academy, and again, eight years later, into the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors.

Mr. Boughton's works have always enjoyed an immense popularity, much of which was gained on account of their historical rather than on account of their artistic appeal. The artist struck a true note at once, and has never since swerved from concert-pitch. From "Passing into the Shade" and "The Last of the Mayflower," painted in the sixties, to his "Winter Nightfall," exhibited the other day in London, the succession has been gratifying alike to the painter and his public.

Mr. Boughton's composition is both skillful and restful. His drawing, however, does not seem to have been done with much impulsive spontaneity. Perhaps this impression is unjust, but one fancies his lines somewhat thought-out felt-out, studied. We must acknowledge, nevertheless, that he succeeds well in the extremely difficult task of combining severity and daintiness in figure-drawing, a combination particularly noticeable, of course, in the figures of Puritan women.

Such an effect is doubled by Mr. Boughton's delicacy of color, especially in grays, pearl shades, and neutral tones, even if at times they verge on a seeming monotony. Some of his canvases were evidently painted with but half a dozen tints on his palette. However, any apparent color monotony is frequently atoned for by Mr. Boughton's luminous light and breathable atmosphere.

Though interesting in technique, these genre pictures are more interesting from the standpoint of human drama. Not only the serious student of art and history, but the veriest tyro is attracted by the appeal made to his heart as well as to his mind through the medium of Mr. Boughton's pictures. Hence we find their reproduction in engraving, etching, and photographic processes in all sorts of homes. So great has been the demand for these Puritan scenes that the men and women represented therein have become somewhat stereotyped. In general, however, it may be said that Mr. Boughton's are no puppet figures. Never descending to mawkish sentiment, they are at once simple and sincere. The best are not unworthy as incorporations of elemental forces, of the love of man for woman and of woman for man, of the devotion to country, of the reverence for religion.

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DETAIL FROM "THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER"
Painted by George H. Boughton

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DETAIL FROM "THE TWO FAREWELLS"
Painted by George H. Boughton

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A DISH OF TEA

The Story of an Old-Time Thanksgiving

By Mary Clarke Huntington

RUTH loved the ocean. She loved it when it was ruffled by bland spring breezes; when it dimpled beneath fervid summer suns; when it calmly reflected the pale autumnal moonlight; she loved it when winter winds shrieked, and there was no world save this Island of Nantucket shut in by a tempestuous watery motion which borrowed its hue from leaden skies and lashed itself to the fury of white surf. She could not tell in what mood she loved it best, for her happy heart made all environment beautiful. On this smooth beach she and her brother Nathaniel had played with wave-worn pebbles and delicately tinted shells; here she had kissed him good-by when he took boat for the ship which should carry him to China; here she had loitered time after time in the radiance of the sun's setting to look across the leagues of water and wish him home again; and here she was walking through the cloudy chill of a waning November day when she heard her father's voice:

"Little maid! little maid!"

His own most tender name for her! She turned and ran toward him, her fair curls flying from the hood of her scarlet cloak, her fair face dimpling in its curl halo like some rare sea-anemone. The keen eyes under Nathaniel Starbuck's cocked hat softened as she sped along the beach, for dearly did he love this only remaining one of his daughters. Six graves in the island burial-place marked where the others lay—six little graves, for all had been chilled to early death by the sea winds on which this most fragile bud had bloomed to maidenhood. The softening in his eyes grew to an embracing fatherliness when she caught his arm, for Ruth had no fear of the stern magistrate before whom culprits trembled, and whom even her brother Nathaniel invariably addressed as "Sir." Now he smiled down at her, and lapsed into the Quaker speech which he never used save with his own.

"Thou lookedst like a gull winging alongshore, little maid."

At which she laughed aloud, shaking back her curls.

"A red sea-gull, father! Who ever heard tell of a red gull? But what have you in your hand? A letter, and in Nathaniel's writing! Oh, father, comes he home soon? And for how long?"

"What a maid! Can I answer two questions at once? But, yea—I have broke the seal, and read enough to know that he keeps Thanksgiving feast with us—God willing."

"Nathaniel home at Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving almost here!" she cried. "Hasten then, father, for I cannot wait to tell mother the good news—neither can I leave you behind. So hasten!"

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At the kitchen window of a well-built house overlooking the ocean, Miss Esther Starbuck glanced from her spinning-wheel to see the scarlet-cloaked figure and the figure in dark small-clothes coming hand in hand.

"Nathaniel will spoil that child. I wonder, Content, that thee allows her to be so indulged. Look, pray, and see the two running like little ones at frolic!"

Dame Content swung into place on the crane over the open fire an iron pot of succotash which she had been stirring, and joined her sister-in-law at the window. Her calm face lighted more sweetly as she looked.

"They keep together excellently well."

"Keep together excellently well," mimicked Miss Esther. "Surely, Content, thy daughter Ruth is too old for such sport. At eighteen she should be of a woman's ways. As for Nathaniel, methinks he is over given to undignified demeanor for one whose father was a Friend."

Miss Esther's fault-finding was interrupted by the opening of the outer door, which let in father and daughter—he panting, she with cheeks wild-rose red.

"The little maid drew me into it," he replied to his wife's questioning eyes.

"'Tis ever the woman who leads the man astray," sniffed Miss Esther.

"And thou hast escaped great evil in not having man to lead astray, eh, Esther?" Then, as his sister's pale face flushed, and she put her hand to her throat with pained motion, he said very gently: "We Starbucks are of hasty speech despite our Quaker blood. Forgive me, Esther! I forgot thy sailor who sleeps somewhere out at sea. As for our haste—we have good news. The little maid and I would tell it apace."

He held up the folded sheet with its broken seal of red wax, and his wife came toward him as drawn by a magnet.

"From our Nathaniel!"

Ruth added joyfully:

"And just think, mother, he keeps Thanksgiving feast with us!"

"God willing," said her father, reverently. "But we will read the letter. Fetch my eyes, little maid."

She brought his horn-rimmed spectacles and leaned upon his shoulder as he sat in his favorite chair beside the hearth. Dame Content hovered near, like one who scarce could wait for tidings which her mother heart was spelling ere she listened; Miss Esther spun on beside the window that gave a view of the gray ocean.

"Most honored parents," wrote young Nathaniel, "my ship made port yesterday, and I shall be with you at Thanksgiving if no ill befalls. By the vessel which carries this I send to you a box of tea, also a coral necklace for Ruth. The trinket was got by Captain Morris, under whom I voyaged, and at whose home here in Boston city I am stopping. When I come, I bring the Captain with me. He says he fain would see a certain little girl of Nantucket with his necklace on. I am, most honored sir and madam, your ever affectionate and dutiful son."

"Dear boy!" murmured Dame Content. "I would I knew what day he comes. Then I could have fresh popovers awaiting him. When he was no higher than my knee he would beg for popovers."

Ruth pulled a stool to the fire and threw off her scarlet cloak.

"A coral necklace! How fine!" She leaned elbow on chimney-jamb and chin in palm. "I wonder," she added irrelevantly, "I wonder is the Captain young."

Her father looked around, and something in the dreaminess of her face smote him to pain. Then he met her mother's eyes regarding him with such unalloyed happiness that the half-thought died before its birth. But Miss Esther could not let Ruth's girlish wondering pass unchidden.

"If this Captain be young or no, 'tis not thee he comes visiting, silly one! Thou hast only to drop him a curtsy and sit silent, as maiden should. See thy cloak! It hath fallen on the floor. 'Twere well if thee had less thought for trinkets and more for caring after thy garments." Then she looked out of the window, adding in milder tone: "Here is Cesar and a box. Thy necklace, no doubt."

Ruth was at the door before Cesar, the slave boy, could open it. Her flower face sparkled such radiant expectation that his white teeth showed sympathetically in his ebon countenance. He stood by, staring and grinning, as the box was opened. Ruth clasped the necklace about her throat, and turned to her father for approval, which was readily given. Dame

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Content and Miss Esther were talking over the tea.

"I know not just how it should be prepared," said the dame, with the anxiety of a good cook. "'Tis a new dish to us here on Nantucket."

"Is it to be drunk, or eaten with a spoon?" asked Miss Esther. "Methinks our cousin Olivia Starbuck was telling but a while s nce of having drunk some in Boston city. She said it was served with cream and sugar, or with the one, or neither, as persons fancied. Yet it may be she eat it boiled tender."

"Before Nathaniel's letter was finished reading I had planned a party of our cousins to welcome him at Thanksgiving feast, and thought to give each one a dish of tea. But if 'tis to be eaten, and doth not swell greatly, this small boxful will scarce make the twenty of us a taste apiece," said Dame Content. "In sooth, though, 'tis the first tea known on Nantucket," she added, with pardonable pride. "Cesar, did the captain of the vessel that fetched this say nothing about it?"

Cesar ducked, with widening ivories.

"Yes, missus. He say, 'Here's a box ob tea fo' de Justice' folks,' he say. 'An' tell 'em not use it too free, 'kase it a shillin' a leaf.'"

"A shilling a leaf!" the two women echoed with such dismayed faces that Nathaniel Starbuck smiled and said the Captain spoke in jest, though, truth to tell, this Chinese herb was extravagantly dear. Ruth laughingly popped one of the precious leaves between her rosy lips, then made a wry mouth.

"'Tis sore puckery. I think Nathaniel might have sent something more palatable."

Her mother shook a reproving head.

"Nathaniel knew we should value it for its great rarity, my daughter. Think, Cesar—did Captain Nahut say nothing more about the tea?"

Cesar ducked and grinned again.

"Yes, missus; he say, when I ax him what it fo', he say, 'It ain't fo' de likes ob niggers to drink, yo' brack limb ob Satan! Go 'long wid yo' tongue an' de box ob tea,' he say."

Even Miss Esther smiled as Cesar shuffled out.

"It seems 'tis to be drunken, then, Content," she said,

Such scrubbing of oaken floors, such polishing of pewter and silverware, such brewing and baking as reigned in the Starbuck mansion during those days preceding Thanksgiving! Nathaniel Starbuck declared that his women folk were no respecters of persons through festival preparations, for even the island magistrate was pressed into service when the others were busy elsewhere. Dinah and Chloe snickered at Cesar, who rolled eyes prodigiously over seeing "master," with apron tied about his neck and chopping-knife in hand, beating lively rhythm in the bowl of mince-meat, all three getting their ears cuffed by their parents, Daniel and Sukey, who had grown up in the Starbuck family, and who, calling them "onregenerate chilliens fo' mekin' master 'dickerlous," set them at onion-peeling until they shed tears of repentance. Dame Content measured and weighed and tasted, Miss Esther beat and mixed and rolled, until the pantry shelves were loaded with such delicious eatables as only old-fashioned housewives could compound; Ruth flitted about like a bird, now brightening a silver tankard, again wiping a bit of rare china, and singing—ever singing some quaint English ditty which begot new graciousness from her linnet voice.

On the eve before Thanksgiving everything was ready for the morrow's feast and guests. The floor of the large state parlor was newly waxed, the furniture repolished, samplers worked by Dame Content herself had been pinned on either side of the high carved mantel above the tiled fireplace, and now the sacred apartment was closed against the festival. The servants were story-telling in the back kitchen, and in the front kitchen sat the family—with the light of the open fire dancing over the whitely scoured floor, throwing sparkles among the dishes in the dresser, and showing festoons of red peppers, sliced apples, and pumpkins hung to dry from the rafters. The spinning-wheel stood by the wall as on the Sabbath Day, but Dame Content and Miss Esther knitted long stockings like those Nathaniel Starbuck wore with knee-breeches and buckled shoes, the bright needles flashing through their fingers as the fire-glow struck the steel. All had looked for young Nathaniel during the day, and now, with that weariness which follows unrealized anticipation,

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had set themselves to think of his coming the next morning.

"'Tis pity I made those popovers," sighed Dame Content. "They are only crisp when fresh done, and Nathaniel ever liked them crisp. Ruth, child, I wish thee would—"

But Ruth never knew what wish might have been spoken, for just then the outer door opened, and some one was kissing her mother as only a loving son who had been absent long could kiss her; some one warmly clasped Aunt Esther; shook her father's hand as never to let it go; then she herself was caught in a great embrace, was conscious that Nathaniel had grown mustaches, that he was saying, "This is the little sister to whom you sent the necklace," that a pleasantly modulated voice stammered, "Your servant, mistress," as a tall man with a fine heat over all his bronzed face bowed low to her fluttered curtsy, adding something about expecting to find the little sister a child—and Ruth knew that the Captain was not only young but handsome, and wished she wore other than this old linsey-woolsey frock, which Aunt Esther had darned in the front breadth!

But the Captain could hardly have noticed the darn, as he did not so much as glance at the linsey-woolsey frock; when he turned to her his eyes rested upon her flower face with a lingering surprise which brought an amused curl to the mustaches of young Nathaniel as he sat beside Aunt Esther, answering his father's questions and eating his mother's popovers, while with covert satisfaction he watched his little sister and the Captain talking together on the settle.

Nor was it her frock at which the Captain looked on the morrow, when, as the dinner hour drew near, Ruth, in her best finery, tripped down the stairs from her chamber and on to the parlor, where grouped her father, Nathaniel, and the Captain—three striking figures, displaying to advantage the dress suits of the period.

"'Tis whispered about Boston city and other large ports that a revolution will come to the colonies because of charter infringements," young Nathaniel was saying boldly. "Some think the seat of home government should be at home, and we should be a free people. Indeed, this is the talk with many, sir."

The elder Nathaniel frowned, and beat his foot upon the tiled hearth until the paste shoe-buckle flashed again.

"Tut, tut, boy! I harbor no treason to King George under this roof. Didst ever know a Starbuck traitor, though Quaker he might be?" Then the frown passed, as, following the Captain's glance to the doorway, he saw Ruth, half ready for flight at finding only the masculine element represented. "Come hither, little maid in fine feathers, and give us Thanks Day greeting."

Ruth's high-heeled slippers clicked across the waxed floor, and the men rose as she came. A pretty sight she was, truly, in white lace stomacher and blue silk frock which matched her eyes and set off dazzlingly the fairness of hair and complexion. Captain Morris could scarce be blamed for wishing that the kiss she dropped on the cheek of father and brother might extend to the stranger within their gates. Perhaps young Nathaniel's shrewd wit divined his friend's feelings, for, pulling the soft curls, he asked roguishly:

"Have you no thanks for the trinket, little sister?"

Whereupon the coral necklace above the lace stomacher was not pinker than Ruth's face. But she murmured, with charming naïveté and equally charming curtsy, "Your debtor, sir"—and straightway clicked from the room, while the also blushing Captain looked after her.

In the kitchen Dame Content, Miss Esther, and Sukey were holding solemn conclave over cooking the tea. Must it be a porringerful to each guest, or would a large spoonful apiece suffice? They compromised by dividing the difference, and a quart of the precious leaves went into the new bell-metal teakettle with a gallon of cold water. Then the brass knocker on the front door rapped announcement of first arrivals, and the women left Sukey to watch that the kettle did not boil dry.

The parlor soon held all who were bidden to dinner—Starbucks young and old and middle-aged, Starbucks married and single, Starbucks plain and pretty. Yet not one of the girl cousins surrounding young Nathaniel could compare with Ruth, thought the Captain, as he stood somewhat away from the chattering folk

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and watched the fair curls moving from group to group.

The smell of roasted turkey and duck, of chicken pie and hot vegetables, began to reach the guests, together with a distinctly different odor, at the same time delicious and tantalizing. Cousin Olivia Starbuck, but lately returned from Boston city, sniffed delicately, whispered to the cousin next her, who in turn passed the whisper along, and before host and hostess led the way to the well-set kitchen table every woman in the room knew that the day's feast was to be crowned with the expensive new Chinese herb. Dame Content, serenely unconscious that the aroma of her surprise had betrayed it, proposed, when the meats were carried from the table and the cakes, puddings, and pies brought on, that all should pledge the occasion in a dish of tea; and Sukey, smiling, important, bore in a tray of small silver porringers, steaming fragrantly.

"We drink to Thanksgiving in the first tea ever brewed upon Nantucket Island," said young Nathaniel, lifting the handsomely chased porringer to his lips, only to remove it with a grimace. "Zounds, mother! This is no tea; this is poison bitter as death."

Consternation stared at him from eighteen pairs of eyes, only the Captain retaining composure. In the background Sukey's ebon countenance turned gray with terror, for had she not liberally tasted this strange decoction? Seeing what dismay his remark had wrought, Nathaniel laughed immoderately, and the Captain's drooping mustaches curled with a smile. But when frightened Dame Content would have risen to find an antidote for this poison she had cooked, he said with easy deference:

"Dearest madam, your son means not that a fatal draught has been set before us, but only that the herb was not drawn in the Chinese way. However, if you permit, we may drink to this Thanksgiving in nectar fit for King George, as I have learnt the art of preparing it, and this evening will brew for each one a dish of tea, asking naught save that Mistress Ruth be my cup-bearer."

Soothed by his courtesy, Dame Content's mortified face resumed its placid curves, and she gave gracious acceptance of the offer which the others clamored should be tested. So it was that, while fiddle-backed chairs yielded places of honor to those in the parlor, where charming Cousin Olivia strummed upon the spinet and young Nathaniel, trolling a sea ditty, bent over her to tell whether coquetry or candle-gleam danced most in her eyes, Ruth and the Captain again sat together upon the kitchen settle with no light but of the open fire, which made his dark face show to advantage above the snowy ruffled shirt and flowered red satin waistcoat, and turned to spun gold every hair of her little head.

The Captain felt at ease away from the other young people, whose unflagging gayety served to flout his bashfulness, and when he had filled the teakettle and hung it upon the crane he fell to talking of the land where teas grew; then his words wandered to other lands, and others still, for what mattered the land he storied about so Ruth, with eyes shining upon him, fringed gentian-like through long lashes, sat in charmed silence—another Desdemona listening to another Othello? But of a sudden the coral necklace fell from Ruth's throat at the Captain's feet. He picked it up, and in his look was that before which the gentians hid themselves between their fringes.

"If the clasp is unbroken, it can be worn the rest of the evening," he said. "Nay—'tis only loosed. May I not?"

Could he help it that his awkward fingers touched her white neck? Yet at the touch the poise of unstirred girlhood waked to consciousness which made Ruth a woman. She was standing at the opposite side of the hearth ere the Captain could curse himself for a clumsy fellow.

"Brew the tea now," she commanded, bewitchingly. "You said when the kettle boiled it would be time."

Never was lovelier Hebe than she who, starry-eyed, wild rose-cheeked, carried the tray of steaming silver porringers from guest to guest; and each drank to Thanksgiving Day, and young Nathaniel slyly drank also to Cousin Olivia, and all praised the Captain's skill in brewing. Yet the Captain stood aloof outside the doorway, like one ill pleased at his own success—seeing which, her brother called Ruth from chat with an eager beardless cousin twice removed.

"Little sister, where is the Captain's

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tea? A poor cup-bearer, you, thus to requite his kindness to us!"

Ruth met with a sweeping curtsy the complaining of the Captain's eyes, which she knew had followed her every move.

"Magician of the tea-leaves, shall I pour for you, also, a dish of tea?"

Was it chance that a few moments later brought husband and wife together in the dim hall, where the door opened to the kitchen? Ruth, with firelight red upon her face, was offering the Captain a little silver porringer—then, having one in hand, took seat upon the settle. The Captain put himself beside her.

"And did you never have your fortune told, Mistress Ruth?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor I mine. Some there be who tell it by tea dregs. May I tell yours?"

So red shone the firelight on Ruth's face now! Yet new womanly prescience, which is ever full-grown at its birth, led her to answer laughingly:

"My dish holds no dregs, Sir Captain. See!"

She tipped the porringer, which showed empty. Perhaps the recollection of the beardless cousin twice removed gave the Captain courage to follow up his advantage.

"But my dish holds dregs enough for two! Listen to my fortune, then, since you will have none of your own. In these tea dregs I see a sweet maid wearing a coral necklace—and she has eyes like yours. I see myself returning from another voyage to take this maid to wife. Mistress Ruth, do you dislike me so much that my fortune can never come true? Mistress Ruth?"

"Nay." In her confusion she faltered the Quaker speech oft heard at home—and never had the Captain dreamed words could sound so sweet. "Nay, thou knowest I do not dislike thee."

Her porringer slid to the floor, and she stooped for it. He stooped also—and the eyes of man and of maid looked into each other. From the parlor came sudden spinet strum and laughter which covered Nathaniel Starbuck's angry whisper:

"What was son Nathaniel thinking on to fetch yon fellow here? The prating knave! He shall answer to me for stealing thus upon a maid whose father's salt he is eating."

Against his arm a hand that held him back.

"Husband, she let him kiss her."

He drew a long breath, in which was a world of jealous fatherly love.

"My own little maid! She hath known him but since yesterday."

"How long had we known each other when thou first spoke, Nathaniel?"

But the essence of courtship dies for a man when she whom he wooed is won. He lives in the present with the wife who is bound to him. It is women who are the sentimentalists of the world, and who treasure sweet looks and tender speeches of days unwed.

"Art so ready, then, Content, to let thy one daughter go?"

"Was my mother ready to let her one daughter go?"

"But I would so shelter her—my own dear little maid! How can she leave me for this stranger?"

Never did Dame Content's face so sweetly bear out its name as now, when her husband turned to her in the dim hall; and so he thought, although he understood not that he so thought.

"Thou knowest why I left my father for thee, Nathaniel."

The strum of the spinet rose louder, and above it young Nathaniel's rich tenor lifted in rare Ben Jonson's inimitable lines:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

"Such frolic and folly! I would I had bred myself a Quaker after my good father, and my children had patterned their songs in drab like their clothes! My father sang only psalms, while yonder boy is mouthing as a hired singer might upon the stage."

He paused, for in the music lull he heard Ruth speaking.

"See it from the window here, where Aunt Esther ever sits when she spins. She had a sailor, also, sir, but he was lost at sea! How beautiful it is with the moonlight on it now! But, ah! if your ship should not come back, I never could look at the ocean again. Poor Aunt Esther! Once she and father were young together like Nathaniel and me."

The fire had burned low, and the large kitchen was softly dusky. Ruth's face

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held the pathos of coming separation as she lifted it in the moonbeams which fell whitely through the narrow-paned casement. But the Captain laughed as a lover can laugh at possible mischance with parting not yet at hand and arm about sweetheart's waist.

"The tea dregs told our fortune. My ship will come back."

"God willing," murmured Nathaniel Starbuck—and his wife knew he had given their daughter to another. Then, as he moved away with that loving hand still upon his arm, he raised his heavy bass to swell a tune which, started in young Nathaniel's tenor and chorused by other voices, came to him from the parlor, a sweet surprise—a tune by which his father and his father before him had given thanks with love of psalmody:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits."

The Criticisms on Theological Seminaries

In reply to the recent editorial in The Outlook on Theological Seminaries (October 21, 1899) we have received several letters. One gives us an account of an attempt to establish the modern method of investigation in the study of theology, and its discontinuance under the requirement of the controlling authorities of the seminary. Another informs us, in reply to our question, "How often does any applicant to a theological seminary fail of admission?" that in the present year Andover declined more than twice as many men as she received; that this was not, probably, above the recent average, and that approximately the same ratio would hold good respecting Hartford Theological Seminary. We are glad to give this information to our readers, and to believe that it is an indication that in all the seminaries higher standards of admission are enforced than we had supposed. We have received also a letter from a theological student, which seems to us to confirm our criticism of the seminaries, though it is intended as a defense. It protests against "the cold and merciless method of treatment" in "a supposedly leading religious journal in the United States," and proceeds to plead for a different kind of treatment, as follows:

> Many of us labor hard by prayer and fellowship to gain divine wisdom and Christian efficiency in our own lives, still harder to apply a spiritual interpretation to this wonderful world. As human beings with human needs—perhaps greater than those of law or of medical students, with deficiencies probably less (as I judge from an experience in two large universities and in two theological seminaries)—as human beings striving upward to God, we welcome attacks from within and without—we expect them regularly in the New York "Evening Post" (*e.g.* October 21); but we believe we have a right to ask that our distinctively religious journals, which are supposed to be engaged in a similar work with ourselves, give us the helping hand of Christian direction and of fair play. In the name of justice, we, then, ask you to cease glibly prating in unglittering generalities, in unreasonable impressions, about "indiscriminate eleemosynary aid," "the few obstacles that confront us at entrance," the "motives that lead us to the ministry," our "intellectual deficiencies." Nay, as searchers of the truth, may we not ask that you, in this age of scientific induction, furnish, not merely hard, cold facts and concrete statements of existing conditions of our work, but more of the spirit of Jesus Christ, and thus enlist our affections and get at the key to our wills? For we need, as never before, human as well as divine help to create here and now a better world for ourselves—a world whose deepest reality is that of spirit.
>
> No, Mr. Editor, you misrepresent for the world, you harm for the home and for the church, the usefulness of our theological seminaries. If we have not your standards of knowledge and of righteousness, won't you help to lift us up by more and more of the divine and quenchless enthusiasm of Jesus Christ? One who cannot find the divine life in our theological seminaries will have to hunt pretty hard to find God in the Philippines or in South Africa. Nay, in all your relation to us and to the world, give us Christ—more of his spirit of sincerity and truth; the living Christ—more of his estimates on the worths of this life; Christ—more of his passion for righteousness and his intensity for uplifting human lives.

AUSTIN PHELPS DEAN.
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The Outlook believes in sentiment, but not in the substitution of sentiment for scholarship, nor in such a sentimental appeal for exemption from criticism because the person criticised thinks that he is laboring "hard by prayer and fellowship to gain divine wisdom and Christian efficiency." The way to gain that divine wisdom and efficiency is to recognize the highest standards, laboriously endeavor to conform to them, and gladly to accept any criticism which indicates a failure and so may help to correct that failure in the future.

SEMINARY SCHOLARSHIP

A much better defense of seminaries is the following letter. We are glad to have brought this letter out, and we do not question that analogous methods are used in other seminaries; but the transition from the old method to the new is not yet complete:

I have just read with interest your editorial in the issue of October 21 on "The Theological Seminaries." In section II., concerning the standards maintained in the seminaries and those of the law and medical schools, you prove that the law and the medical student are in these days required "to think through what they are trying to learn," and close by saying that "it is not thus that theology is studied in our theological seminaries. If there are exceptions, we shall be glad to know and report them." I am glad to be able to inform you of such an exception, and shall be most happy to have it reported. It was my privilege to graduate from the Oberlin Theological Seminary with the class of '99, and to take my theology under Professor H. C. King. My memory of days and nights of hard work bears witness that in at least one class of theology in our country men are "required to think through what they are trying to learn." The man who goes through Professor King's course of instruction and comes out without a theology of his *own* has himself to blame and not his teacher. He has been required thoroughly to read and criticise such widely differing works as Fairbairn's "Place of Christ in Modern Theology," Pfleiderer's "Philosophy and Development of Religion," Orr's "Christian View of God and the World," Hermann's "Communion with God," and Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology," besides the great creeds of the Christian Church. These criticisms are submitted in writing *before* the Professor offers his. After these fields have been traversed thus independently the student must write an outline theology of his own. I can testify that he *feels* at least that he has "thought through what he has tried to learn" when the work is done. What is true of the department of theology is true of the work in exegesis under Professor Bosworth, wherein each student submits in writing his own comment and thought before he comes into possession of his teacher's; and the other branches as well.

I suppose you are aware that the professors in Oberlin Seminary are not obliged to subscribe to any creed.

W. H. SPENCE.

First Congregational Church, Alpena, Mich.

We are afraid that the following letter indicates a feeling in other colleges than Oberlin, and that the cause suggested by our correspondent is not the only one for the feeling, which has some reason and which is in part an unreasonable prejudice:

A CONFESSION

I want to thank you for the outspoken courage of the editorial "The Theological Seminaries," in The Outlook of October 21. I have been greatly interested in President Hyde's remarks at the Council. I am glad he had courage to say what he did. I have lived in Oberlin thirty years, and while in no way connected with the academy, college, or seminary, I have known well a great many students (my husband was a physician here many years, and is now an army surgeon), we have been educating our own children here, and I know that the sentiment among students is to look down upon a bright man who, graduating from college with honor, goes into the theological seminary, unless it is that he may continue to play football with the Oberlin team. That is to their minds a sufficient reason, but otherwise a shrug of the shoulders and a perplexed expression show that they cannot understand any man throwing away his opportunity to make the most of himself. I have no doubt one reason for this is that so many theological students have been accustomed to perform the work of chaplain for board—a most unfortunate thing, I am sure; they had better saw wood, take care of furnaces, mind horses, anything else. I hope this discussion will not stop until the whole condition of things in this regard is changed.

ANNIE BROWN NOBLE.

Oberlin, O.

THE MENDICANT ELEMENT

Why do we go on paying young men to study for the ministry?

President Eliot is a pioneer in this as he is in so many other educational matters. In his annual report, 1888–9, he said (p. 19): "In the opinion of the President it is time that this distinction (a lower fee from theological students than from other students of the University) should be abolished. The Protestant ministry will never be put, in his opinion, on a thoroughly respectable footing in modern society until the friar or mendicant element is completely eliminated from it. There are no good reasons why Protestant students of theology should be taught, fed, and lodged gratuitously." Again, in 1890–91: "The Divin-

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ity School is the only department of the University which gives to every acceptable applicant for aid money enough to meet the small tuition fee, $50, and pay for board, lodging, fuel, light, and washing. So long as this is the case the school will not command the respect which the other professional schools of the University command. . . . The great need of the clerical profession in the modern world is to get placed on the same self-respecting footing, as regards education and compensation, as the medical profession or the profession of teaching." In 1894–95 he returns to the charge: "The school (divinity) continues to disparage its own instruction and discipline by charging a tuition fee which is only one-third of the tuition fee in the other Cambridge departments of the University. The President reiterates the opinion he has previously expressed, that this relic of the indiscriminate eleemosynary system in theological education should be done away with." In 1895–96 he announces: "The Divinity Faculty, after discussions which have gone on at intervals for at least twenty years, finally in 1895–96 recommended the Corporation to raise the tuition fee of the Divinity School to the level of the fees charged in other Cambridge departments of the University, namely, to $150 a year."

I add the following from Bishop Brooks's first (and only) Convention address, 1892:

> Not every good boy is a good candidate for the ministry. And it is hard to say whether the need is greater for faithful clergymen or faithful laymen in the Church of God. Another consideration which makes us anxious about our students for the ministry is the large proportion of them who are dependent upon pecuniary help. Such help given to students for the ministry has always seemed to be necessary and legitimate. Without it, it appears as if the Church would have lost many of her noblest servants. But the blindest eyes can see its dangers. Any of us, I think, would most cordially congratulate and honor a young man who should, by his own action, choose to lay such help aside, and earn for himself the money necessary for his support while he pursued his studies. The Church would probably have to wait a year or two more before it saw him in the pulpit, but it has waited long for him and can wait a little longer, and when he comes he will be better worth the having. It is desirable, at any rate, that pecuniary assistance, when it is necessary, as no doubt it often is, should be made to seem as exceptional and personal as possible, that it should not degenerate into an accepted and expected habit of the Church, and that it should be so watchfully and sympathetically administered that it should do as little harm as possible to the manliness of what ought to be the manliest profession in the world.

Christian people should know that while there are already more ordained ministers than can find employment in their calling, thousands of dollars are being expended every year to push young men into the ministry.

R. KIDNER.

Boston, Mass.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

As a preparation for the medical profession some hospital practice is required. The following suggestion that pastoral practice be required as a condition on the completed work of the ministry appears to us to be worthy of serious consideration:

Two questions which have lately been discussed in The Outlook, viz., that of the plethora of candidates for the ministry, and that of methods in theological seminaries, would seem to run together.

The regular ministry to regularly constituted churches may be, and doubtless is, overcrowded. But while "the field is the world," the Lord's prayer for more laborers must remain both an appeal and obligation. The real problem becomes one of making the ministry less of a profession and more a self-sacrificing service.

Suppose, now, it were possible to say to every theological student:

"You will be required, upon graduation from the seminary, to place yourself at the disposal of your conference, council, bishop, or presbytery, for a period of three—or five—years of such mission work as may be assigned to you. During that time you will consider yourself in honor bound to go where you are sent to and do the work given you; and you may count on being sent into needy places where the work is hard and the pay (in money) small."

It might be well to add at least the kindly advice not to marry until this term of special service is concluded.

The frequently asserted analogy between the position of seminary students and West Point cadets would be made real by such a requirement, and it would go far toward justifying the aid given them—at least so far as free room-rent and tuition are concerned.

It would also discourage that undesirable class of students who look upon the ministry as an easy profession, yielding quick though moderate pecuniary returns.

Its tendency would be to set self-sacrifice in the foreground; and whenever self-sacrifice stands visibly and inevitably at the door of the ministry the choicest spirits will be attracted to it.

Such a requirement would certainly modify the methods of theological instruction. There is no reason why it should lower the standard of scholarship; but it would bring practical subjects to the front, and the teaching upon all subjects would be broadened if it were certain that all the students were going forth to grapple with the sins and sorrows of the great world in city or home or foreign mission work, in the new and hitherto untried enterprises which such a corps of inexpensive, enthusiastic, and qualified workers would make possible. One of the first effects of such rule would be at least partial relief from the scramble for vacant pulpits. Not only would all student candidating be cut off, but the men themselves, after three or five years' experience in such work as might and ought to be given them, would regard the regular pastorate with chastened spirit. Each year a few—more and more as new fields developed—would find their life-work in places hitherto neglected. Among these would be, in all probability, some of the ablest men. And those who went from such a novitiate into the pulpits of the older churches would carry with them a new and broader idea of the ministry of Christ's Church. It is even possible that the Satanic standard according to which the "important fields" are those where the flowers of culture and the

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blossoms of high salaries grow might come to be discredited. We should cease to have any overcrowded, though we should have an enlarged, ministry.

But perhaps all this is an idle dream. Which of our churches knows enough of the work waiting to be done, and crying for workers in our cities and our neglected country neighborhoods, to employ usefully and efficiently such a corps of young men as the proposed rule would throw upon their hands?

* * *

AS TO THE PACIFIC SEMINARY

1. As to admission of students and the exclusion of the unworthy, Pacific Seminary has never been able to set up a definite literary standard for admission till the present year, when Senior standing in the University of California, or its equivalent, is the minimum accepted for admission to theological studies. The circumstances of a frontier seminary have been such, and the sentiment of the churches has been so low, that nearly every young man whom ministerial friends should recommend has been received to study upon probation. But even under these circumstances a considerable number have accepted the advice which has always been given where it was deemed proper, and have deferred entering the seminary till they had first pursued college or other preparatory studies. Of the eighty-eight students enrolled in the years of my professorship, 1892–99, seventeen have been dropped, or one in five. The true difficulty which our seminaries have had to meet in this matter has been the condition of sentiment in the churches and ministry. It always has been, and it still is, *the fact that some council or other will be found to ordain any man to the ministry whom they believe to possess true piety, however defective his attainments may be.* Until that fact ceases to be, the seminaries will labor under great disadvantages in attempting to maintain a high standard.

2. As to methods of instruction. These have been and are, among Congregational seminaries, far better than the criticisms imply. Oberlin Seminary, while I was a professor there, under the lead of Professor (afterwards President) Ballantine, adopted in 1885 a system incorporating nearly all the features recently recommended by President Harper, of Chicago, including electives (among which Hebrew was made entirely elective), alternating courses, seminars, etc. Out of the historical seminar came William E. Barton, to write the "Hero in Homespun," a historical study of the Cumberland Mountains in the Civil War, and President L. L. Doggett, to take a historical Doctorate of Philosophy in Leipzig. In Pacific, although the new course of study goes into operation next year, circumstances have enabled me to introduce in my own department a seminar for the study of precisely that doctrine selected by The Outlook as an example of what ought to be done—"Why it must needs be that the Messiah should suffer." We have already reviewed, in essays written by members of the class successively, and criticised by class and professor, the history of the doctrine as illustrated in four types, Anselm's (from the Cur Deus Homo), the standard Calvinistic theory (from Charles Hodge's presentation), the governmental (from Caleb Burge), and the "Direct" (from W. N. Clarke). We are soon to begin the study of the fundamental dogmatic questions, What is the relation of God to man before and after sin? What the meaning of the divine law? What the office of punishment? etc., etc., and each student is to finish by writing an original essay embodying the results of his studies in a systematic view of the doctrine. The acceptability of the paper will depend, not on its conformity with my teaching, but upon its objective correctness where objective standards can be applied, and upon the evidence it gives of original thought. Such work will be done in every department when the course gets in full operation.

3. As to creeds. Oberlin has no creed and never had. Pacific has a simple Church creed to which a general assent is asked. It is reported that Professor MacKenzie at Chicago has refused to sign the seminary creed, but he continues to teach undisturbed. If Yale has a creed, it isn't much in evidence. Andover's creed at present seems to make little difference with the teaching of its professors. There is no creed-bound Congregational seminary, and no such professor.

4. Pacific Seminary is already, and will be more completely upon removal to Berkeley (which is expected to take place the coming summer), in close contact with one of the best of American universities, just entering upon a still greater career under President Wheeler. The Seminary requires a definite general standard for admission, and when special necessary preparatory studies have not been performed by a student otherwise prepared, she requires those studies to be made up without infringing upon the time of theological study.

FRANK HUGH FOSTER.

Oakland, Cal.

A Reply

To the Editors of The Outlook:

My attention is drawn to a letter in The Outlook of October 28, signed Alleyne Ireland, in which that gentleman says that England has never demanded that the Transvaal accord the right of franchise to the Uitlanders without renouncing their allegiance to their native land. In this statement Mr. Ireland is utterly mistaken. If he were more fully informed, he would not have made it.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN.

[The point at issue between Mr. Van Siclen and Mr. Ireland is one of opinion and not of fact. Mr. Van Siclen sends us a large number of quotations from official papers, which, however, only show that Great Britain has officially demanded of

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the Transvaal the right of franchise for the Uitlanders with a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal Government—that is, an oath similar to that exacted by the Orange Free State, which does not include a verbal renunciation of previous citizenship. Mr. Van Siclen interprets this as an evident implication that the English Government desires to reserve for the Uitlanders a secret allegiance to Queen Victoria. Mr. Ireland asserts that a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal makes it impossible for any honorable man to make a secret reservation of allegiance to any other flag. Undoubtedly there are many Uitlanders who would be willing to twist their consciences into an approval of such a double and secret allegiance; but we agree with Mr. Ireland that no honorable man could or ought to take a positive oath of allegiance to the Transvaal flag which did not embrace an implied renunciation of any previous citizenship. Further discussion of this point would be speculative and therefore unnecessary. THE EDITORS.]

Robespierre and the Red Terror[1]

THIS volume is graphic, is founded on late and careful investigations, and has the value of a scientific monograph and the interest of a rapidly moving drama. But it is not a biography; it lacks chronological continuity; and there is needed for its understanding a previous knowledge of the epoch with which it deals. It is not a life of Robespierre; it is a series of pictures of the Red Terror with Robespierre as the central figure in them all.

The devil is never as black and the angel is rarely as white as he is painted. To palliate the crimes of a wholesale assassinator is not a commendable undertaking; but to show that a great criminal is made of the stuff of which other mortals is made is a valuable service to humanity. So, to detract from the honors of a hero or a saint is not a thankworthy task; but to show that heroes and saints are men of common clay is of the first importance. Truth is safe; exaggerations are dangerous. The impression that Robespierre was a monster of cruelty, a "tiger-cat," as Barras calls him, leaves his life without a lesson to ordinary men or ordinary times. To show what he really was is to show the dangers, individual and social, of qualities characteristic of men in all ages and epochs, and perhaps rarely more common than in our own. The enemies of Robespierre had until very lately the ear of the public. To some extent his fame has suffered from, as his life was sacrificed to, a band of corrupt and implacable foes—implacable because they were corrupt and he was incorruptible. The portrait which Barras has given in his Memoirs has not, indeed, been allowed to pass unquestioned, but, despite questioning, it has become current, though even Barras does not venture to assume personal responsibility for it:

> It has been stated that, not content with having seen the victims pass his house, Robespierre had followed them to the place of execution; that he had contemplated them with ferocious satisfaction in the different phases of their agony; lastly, that the insatiable tiger, rendered more bloodthirsty by the sight, appeared to be licking his jaws and gargling his throat with the blood flowing in torrents from the scaffold into the Place de la Revolution.

Such an incarnate fiend as this does not exist in history; such an incarnate fiend as this Robespierre certainly was not. If the portrait by Dr. ten Brink appears to be too favorable, it is less because he overstates Robespierre's virtues than because he fails to recognize his moral defects. It is true that Robespierre "acted in good faith; he was admittedly a man of honesty and high principle, and lived a life of blameless morality." And this was a great deal in an age which produced a Mirabeau and a Danton, which dissolved all the restraints of law and religion, of personal conscience and of public opinion, an age in which not malice only but fraud and falsehood ran riot unheeded. It is true also that "it was by the strictness of his moral conduct that he distinguished himself amidst the gross immorality which was rife in Paris at the end of the eighteenth century," and that this Puritan integrity aroused against him the wrath of a corrupt

[1] *Robespierre and the Red Terror.* By Jen ten Brink. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

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cabal. To the Puritan simplicity of his personal life even Barras in his graphic picture of Robespierre's home gives unconscious testimony:

> We wended our way to the residence of Robespierre. It was a little house situated in the Rue Saint Honoré, almost opposite the Rue Saint Florentin. . . . The house was occupied by a carpenter by the name of Duplay. . . . It was necessary, in order to reach the eminent guest deigning to inhabit this humble little hole of a place, to pass through a long alley flanked with planks stacked there, the owner's stock in trade. This alley led to a little yard likewise full of planks. A little wooden staircase led to a room on the first floor. Prior to ascending it we perceived in the yard the daughter of the carpenter Duplay, the owner of the house. The girl allowed no one to take her place in ministering to Robespierre's needs. . . . Cornélie seemed to be spreading linen to-day in the yard. . . . Opposite her sat mother Duplay between a pail and a salad-basket, busily engaged in picking salad herbs.

In this humble home Robespierre, while he was the foremost man in France, occupied apparently a single room.

Robespierre was honest, was sincere, was truly patriotic, was absolutely incorruptible in a corrupt age, and was not inhuman; he deprecated the wholesale executions which were perpetrated with his apparent sanction and under the popular authority of his name. But he had no real courage. He had ideals, but no moral power to enforce them in an age which was drunk with passion. His moral vice was not cruelty; it was cowardice. His intellectual vice was his lack of practical sense; his idealism was unbalanced by any recognition of the character of the times in which he lived or of the men with whom he had to deal. His thoughts lived in one world, his actual life was spent in another. Truly says Dr. ten Brink: "Doubtless he was a great orator and a gifted lawyer, but he was largely wanting in practical common sense." He was also lacking in force of will.

He was a pupil of Rousseau; belonged to that school of thought which ignores or denies the reality of moral evil; believed that all that was necessary to govern mankind was to put splendid ideals before them, and they would embrace, adopt, realize them; was in theory an anarchist before anarchism was born; could he have had his way, would have ruled the world only by eloquence. But when he came in contact with stronger natures, he was easily overborne. The law which made the Red Terror possible, if not of his originating, was fathered by him. The law which denied to Danton and Desmoulins a trial, and condemned them in violation of every principle of justice, he had not the courage to oppose. The long succession of massacres by the guillotine he did not resist; instead of withstanding them, he withdrew from the Committee which perpetrated them, while his name and authority were still used with the people to give them sanction. When his enemies closed around him, instead of instantly using his popular authority to give them battle, he stopped to discuss the phraseology of an appeal to the people, and to weigh the question in whose name it should be issued. While enemies without were closing around France and enemies within were plotting her destruction, he was devoting all his energies to contriving a new worship of the Supreme Being, with a new ceremonial for His worship, and a great celebration of the Era of Peace and Brotherhood which was never realized. On the eighth of June he was arousing the enthusiasm of the mob by such sentiments as: "Let us be generous to the good; kind towards the unfortunate; inexorable towards the wicked; and just to the whole world! Let us crush the tyrannical league of kings by the greatness of our character rather than by the force of our arms." Two months before he had suffered his colleague and supporter, Danton, to be led to the guillotine without any real effort to save him; six weeks later he was himself carried to the guillotine, accompanied by the execrations of the people.

It is a disputed question to this day whether he ineffectually attempted suicide or was wounded by a shot fired by a would-be assassin. Carlyle says suicide; so, of course, does Barras: Dr. ten Brink says shot; so does George Duruy. A man named Merda claimed to have inflicted the wound, and was afterward promoted for his m ritorious endeavor at assassination. The external evidence sustains the opinion that he was shot; the internal evidence appears to us to sustain the opinion that he attempted suicide and lacked the nerve to accomplish his purpose. The lesson of his tragic life might

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be summed up in the sentence, When courage is a duty, cowardice is a crime. A political ideal is worth nothing if there be not courage to realize it in peril and against enemies. The doctrinaire is always dangerous in politics if he is nothing but a doctrinaire; and he whose false estimate of humanity leads him to imagine that mankind can be ruled by the eloquent expression of fine sentiments may easily end, if he be given a free rein, in sanctioning by his indolence and cowardice, if not by his direct support, the worst of despotisms.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Ambitious Boys, Helps for. By William Drysdale. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 439 pages. $1.50.
The author is a well-known writer of stories and practical books for boys. This is a rather odd combination of chapters of sensible advice and information about various occupations, with chapters made up of brief extracts on current topics, education, art, electricity, agriculture, etc. If a boy can be persuaded to read the book, it will certainly do him good.

American History, Select Charters Illustrative of. (1606–1775.) Edited by William MacDonald. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 401 pages. $2.
This volume, containing the public documents of the first importance during the entire Colonial period, supplements the author's previous work, entitled "Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776–1861." The same sound judgment has been shown in the selection and the editing of the state papers, and the work is essential to every good reference library.

Animal Stories, The Red Book of. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 8vo. 379 pages. $2.
A charming collection gathered from many sources, some old and some new. The illustrations are delightful, bewildering in their strange combination of fabulous monsters and quaint human figures.

Bible, The. By Hiram Vrooman. (A Lecture.) Massachusetts New Church Union, Boston. 47 pages. 15c.

Brethren of the Tenements and the Ghetto, Our. By M. J. McKenna. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 8vo. 99 pages.
A plain, unvarnished statement of tenement-house life, written by a visitor employed by a Presbyterian church. Nothing new is stated and no conclusions are reached. The writer knows the physical side of tenement-house life, but not its throbs. She misses its comedies and does not feel its tragedies.

British Contemporary Artists. By Cosmo Monkhouse. (Illustrated.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8vo. 267 pages. $5.

"Buckra" Land. Two Weeks in Jamaica. By Allan Eric. (Second Edition.) Illustrated. 107 pages.

Character-Building Thought Power. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. New York. 12mo. 30 pages.

Christian Science and Common Sense. By Oliver Huckel. John S. Bridges & Co., Baltimore. 12mo. 90 pages.

Colonial Homesteads, More. By Marion Harland. (Illustrated.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8vo. 449 pages. $3.
Mrs. Terhune's first book on this general subject was well received, and the second is equally acceptable. It tells the stories of such famous colonial homes as the Johnson house, at Johnstown, N. Y., Morven, at Princeton, the Schuyler homesteads at Albany, and nearly a dozen others. The stories are related in that pleasant and cheerful vein in which the author is so proficient. The illustrations and general make-up of the book are well adapted for holiday purposes; the pictures are particularly interesting.

Chrysanthemum Calendar for 1900. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Culture, Opportunities for. By Jeannette M. Dougherty. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 37 pages. 35c.

Dana, James Dwight, Life of. By Daniel C. Gilman. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 409 pages. $2.50.

Dracula. By Bram Stoker. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 378 pages. $1.50.
In another column we notice the appearance of Jókai's "Poor Plutocrats." Mr. Bram Stoker's is also a story of adventure, and is similarly placed as to scene, but there the comparison ends. "Dracula" is a good melodrama of the old-fashioned sort.

Education for Girls, Rational. By Elizabeth Hutchinson Murdock. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 32 pages. 35c.

Encyclopedia Biblica: A Dictionary of the Bible. Rev. T. K. Cheyne, LL.D., and J. S. Black, LL.D., editors. Vol. I. $5.
Enough to quote here from the accomplished editors who have dedicated this first volume of their eagerly expected work to the memory of the beloved and lamented scholar who originated it, the late Professor W. Robertson Smith. It is "a survey of the contents of the Bible as illuminated by criticism—a criticism which identifies the cause of religion with that of historical truth." In the briefest comparison with the "Dictionary of the Bible" now being edited by Dr. Hastings, it appears to give more space to articles of scholarly interest, while the latter, not neglecting these, is more ample on theological and ecclesiastical subjects.

England, Picturesque and Descriptive. By Joel Cook. (Illustrated.) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. In 2 vols.
These volumes fill a distinct want. For many years, in the planning of English tours, we had to content ourselves with clumsy, impractical local and other guides. Then a German genius shed his illumination into the dark places of the British Isles. But even Baedeker is not enough. Economy of time, money, patience, is assured by a study of the Leipsic books, it is true, but if the traveler have what all travelers in England should have—a little leisure—he will want something which will reproduce the English atmosphere, which will do for all England what Mr. Hare has done for London. It is just here that Mr. Joel Cook steps in, a goodly volume under each arm. He is a guide, of course, but he is also

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a philosopher and friend, as Karl Baedeker never could be within the limits of Leipsic space. Mr. Cook has more space. Part of it he uses in larger print and wide margins, and part in such reminiscential as well as descriptive matter that he appeals at once to the stayer-at-home and to the tourist abroad. The work has been arranged in ten tours, with Liverpool and London as starting-points.

Evangeline. By Henry W. Longfellow. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 181 pages. $1.

Every Living Creature. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 40 pages. 35c.

Evolution by Atrophy. By Jean Demoor, Jean Massart, and Émile Vandervelde. Translated by Mrs. Chalmers Mitchell. (Illustrated.) (International Scientific Series.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 12mo. 322 pages. $1.50.

This book is much more scientific than most of those which attempt to develop analogies between biology and sociology. The collaboration of different writers has enabled its biological portions to be prepared by a biologist and its sociological portions by a sociologist, and there has been enough of saving common sense in the final editing to prevent the exaggerated forcing of parallelisms that has brought biological sociology into disrepute.

Faith, The Larger. By James W. Coulter. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 8vo. 285 pages. $1.

This is a homiletical novel, but it is abundantly winged with stirring incidents and startling experiences. The hero is a ranchman living temporarily under an *alias* among cowboys in New Mexico. The story of his vicissitudes describes his entrance, with that of several others whose life becomes singularly linked with his, into an effective realization of his sonship to God and brotherhood to man.

Foes at Home, Our. By Hugh H. Lusk. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 12mo. 297 pages. $1.

A readable and suggestive book treating American problems in the light of Australasian experience. The author was formerly a Liberal Member of Parliament in New Zealand, and has also lived long enough in this country to equip him for his task. He shows to the most conservative that our antipodes have not been going heels over head into their revolutionary experiments, but have kept their feet on the ground in making their steady advance.

For Eyes that Weep. By Samuel G. Smith. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. Booklet. 18 pages.

Funny Folks. By F. M. Howarth. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. (Illustrated.) 84 pages. $5.

Empire of the Invisibles, The. By H. E. Orcutt. The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York. 80 pages. 75c.

Gilian the Dreamer. By Neil Munro. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 353 pages. $1.50.

Goethe's Poems. Selected and edited by Charles Harris. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 8vo. 286 pages. 90c.

Golden Age, The. By Kenneth Grahame. (Illustrated.) John Lane, New York. 8vo. 252 pages. $2.50.

Among the books interpretative of childhood, this volume holds a first place, by reason not only of its intimate approach to the childhood of the imaginative child, but also because of its distinct charm as literature. It was predestined to appear in an illustrated edition, because no sensitive person ever read it without seeing a series of pictures on his mind's eye. It is now reproduced in a much larger and more substantial volume, from a type of beautiful clearness, and embellished with a series of unusually successful illustrations. These illustrations have caught both the literalism and the fancy of the narrator, and Mr. Maxfield Parrish is to be congratulated on having successfully co-operated with Mr. Grahame's delightful prose. The volume is a treasure, not only for young readers, but for those older children who sometimes do not take time to play, but who have not forgotten what play means.

Havana, At the Siege of. By James Otis. A. L. Burt, New York. 12mo. 358 pages. $1.50.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. By Annie Fields. (The Beacon Biographies.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 136 pages. 75c.

Mrs. Fields's brief biography of Hawthorne is in its way a model of what a brief biographic study should be. It conveys all the principal facts in Hawthorne's life, and yet it introduces so much autobiographical matter, so many interesting and significant letters, that the short study has all the interest which is usually secured only in a much more elaborate biography. Mrs. Fields stood very near to Hawthorne and had exceptional opportunities of understanding his temperament and his habits of work. She uses all her knowledge in this little book without obtruding it.

Herd-Boy and His Hermit, The. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Illustrated.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 8vo. 258 pages. $1.25.

The era of the War of the Roses is the time of this romance. The plot includes a tender love story through which flits the picture of the holy "Hermit," revealed later as the King. The romance is charmingly written, preserving the illusion to the last page.

Heroic Lives, True Stories of. By Various Authors. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 12mo. 320 pages. $1.

Admiral Dewey heads the list. The sketch of his life is followed by those of statesmen, soldiers, sailors, unnamed heroes, and sketches of several women who have come down in history for their moral and physical bravery. The writers are personal friends of the heroes and heroines or witnesses of the acts recorded.

Heronford. By S. R. Keightley. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 344 pages. $1.50.

There is no striking originality in the plot of "Heronford," but it is an interestingly told tale. It holds the reader's attention throughout, even if the climax of the story becomes rather disappointingly sensational.

Hiawatha. By Henry W. Longfellow. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 297 pages. $1.

How Mr. Rhodda Broke the Spell. By Mark Guy Pearse. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 37 pages. 35c.

India, In. By G. W. Steevens. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 352 pages. $1.50.

While we do not find so much of Mr. Steevens's peculiar brilliancy and color in this volume as in his books on the wars in Greece and Egypt, we do find what is perhaps of more lasting importance to the "general reader," namely, a breadth and detail of information necessary to any one who would become thoroughly acquainted with the subject in hand. Many and interesting books have been written about India, but we do not recall any one of them which gives in such small space so complete a view of present problems there as does Mr. Steevens's book. His chapters on the rupee and on the Babu are of special value.

Imperialism and Liberty. By Morrison I. Swift. The Ronbroke Press, Los Angeles, Cal. 8vo. 491 pages. $1.50.

The author first attempts to show the seamy side of imperialism as practiced by Great Britain in India and Africa, giving by no means a fair view of the general effect of such policy. As to our "crime in the Philippines," he thinks that America is England's tool. He then considers "The Business Enterprise of our Generals" and "The Bandit Press;" so fearful are these things that liberty must fall before the military craze which they have brought about, aided by the "Washington Campaign of Lies." Mr. Swift believes that the present war is a war to enslave America, hence he would impeach and imprison that arch-imperialist and dictator, McKinley.

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As to reasons for this war—a blessing to the people absorbed, our duty to the world, new markets—Mr. Swift claims that the first two are but philanthropic and moral apologies for the third. According to him plutocracy is now master. "Expansion will create the formerly dreaded standing army. Plutocracy foresees and desires it; universal monopoly will need an arm against the people." The author's citations from current history are always interesting though not always convincing. His manner in their interpretation, however, is so intemperate, not to say fanatical, that the cause of expansion will not suffer seriously by the publication of his book. Indeed, it may gain by it.

Jennie Baxter, Journalist. By Robert Barr. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12mo. 337 pages. $1.25.

Jesus Christ, Historical Atlas and Chronology of the Life of. By Rev. Richard M. Hodge, M.A. D. A. St. Clair Press, Wytheville, Va. 39 pages.
Compact and handy for Sunday-school use.

Jonah in Fact and Fancy. By Edgar James Banks, M.A., Ph.D. Introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., LL.D. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. 8vo. 194 pages. 75c.
Dr. Abbott, in his introduction, commends this book as helping to relieve Christian faith from burdens of superstition and credulity which tradition has laid upon it.

Kindergarten in a Nutshell, The. By Nora Archibald Smith. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 24mo. 134 pages. 50c.
A small book prepared by an expert, whose heart as well as head is placed at the service of the children. To get the kindergarten to the child who cannot get to the kindergarten is the aim of this book. The author has in mind the intelligent mother, anxious to train her child's senses, to develop its mind, to stimulate and direct its interests through the best channel for the growing intelligence of a little child. The book will be welcomed by mothers who have not the time nor the training to understand the books written for professionals.

Landseer Calendar for 1900. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Latin Composition. By Basil L. Gildersleeve and Gonzalez Lodge. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 188 pages. 75c.

Lay Sermons. By Howard W. Tilton. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 173 pages. $1.
Not of the scientific sort that Professor Huxley wrote, but full of human sympathy and religious feeling, are these short talks from "a littered table in the editorial room of a great daily newspaper" to the average man or woman on matters of daily feeling and conduct. Some of the titles, as "The Biggest Piece of Pie," "Confidence, not Cheek," indicate their plain and popular character.

Lesser Destinies. By Samuel Gordon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 12mo. 310 pages. $1.25.

Life and Character. Drawings by W. T. Smedley, A.N.A. Text by A. V. S. Anthony. Harper & Bros., New York. 120 pages. $5.

Life Problems. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 154 pages. 50c.
Six discourses, spiritually fervent, ethically vigorous.

Little Beasts of the Field and Wood. By William Everett Cram. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 8vo. 261 pages. $1.25.
Has a charm all its own. It is not written for small children; its style will appeal especially to boys of fifteen or more, interested in wild animals commonly found in the woods of farming regions in New England and the Middle States. The writer is a close observer as well as lover of the woods and its people. The page illustrations are those of the animals, presented without bewildering detail.

Little Girl in Old Philadelphia, A. By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12mo. 371 pages. $1.50.
A charming love tale, as well as the story of a little girl's life in Philadelphia before and during the Revolution. The war is scarcely a cloud on the pictures presented of society in Philadelphia at that time. Primrose, the heroine, is a pleasing combination of the staid Quaker blood and that of the world's people. This is excellent as a story, and has the historic social background carefully preserved.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 497 pages. $1.75.
In this volume Mr. Elbert Hubbard pursues the same method which was so pleasantly developed in previous volumes on the homes of American statesmen and American authors, and other people worth visiting in their haunts and places of work. This volume has to do with Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Titian, Van Dyck, among the older painters, and with Meissonier, Fortuny, Reynolds, Landseer, Doré, and Ary Scheffer among the later ones. The writer's approach to his subject is as direct and familiar as is his address to the reader. There is none of the formal manner which a good many writers are tempted to put on when they discuss great artists. Mr. Hubbard is on very easy terms both with the men about whom he writes and with his readers. He does not hesitate at times to joke with both classes, and therefore he manages to be very readable. He understands his subject thoroughly; and the easy way in which he deals with it does not conceal the fact that he knows well what he is talking about. This volume is interestingly illustrated.

Loyal Hearts and True. By Ruth Ogden. (Illustrated.) Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 12mo. 352 pages. $1.50.
A story of the war with Spain, containing many true incidents relating to both the navy and the army.

Lucile. By Owen Meredith. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 360 pages. $1.

Lyrics of the West. By Elva Irene McMillan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 16mo. 225 pages. $1.25.

Man, A: His Mark. By W. C. Morrow. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 249 pages. $1.25.

Map of Life, The. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 353 pages. $2.

Messenger No. 48. By James Otis. The Werner Co., New York. 12mo. 241 pages. 75c.

Meyer, F. B., Birthday Book, The. Compiled by Florence Witts. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 32mo. 268 pages. 75c.

Miriam. By Gustav Kobbé. (Illustrated.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 54 pages. 35c.

Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville. By C. C. Converse. R. H. Russell, New York. 8vo. 140 pages. $1.

Mother's Portrait, His. By Mark Guy Pearse. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 12mo. 38 pages. 35c.

Mountain and Mesa, Tales of. By Edith M. Nicholl. The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati. 262 pages. 75c.

My Lady and Allan Darke. By Charles Donnel Gibson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 371 pages. $1.50.
This story of love and devotion without hope of return, of loyalty, of jealousy that makes a man a madman, is told so vividly and with such a touch of reality that the reader's mind is never roused to contradiction. This novel is not one to read in the late evening; its horrors are too many, are portrayed too realistically.

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New England Primer, The. Edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 16mo. 78 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Ford has reproduced the earliest-known edition of this old-time text-book with many facsimiles and with an introduction which is full of the knowledge of the period and of the history of this famous primer. In Mr. Ford's hands the intellectual and social significance of the Primer is brought very clearly into view, and his little volume, with its interesting illustrations and facsimiles, is a serious introduction to the history of New England.

New Testament, A History of the Textual Criticism of the. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. (New Testament Handbooks.) Edited by Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 185 pages. 75c.

This and the volume next noticed are the forerunners of a promising series. In short chapters it makes a dry subject interesting. The object of textual criticism being to extract as nearly as possible from all attainable sources the original writing of an author, Professor Vincent describes the successive steps by which the processes and results of the best modern scholarship have advanced to its present reach. Ample space is given to recent topics of special interest. The volume is illustrated with facsimile plates.

New Testament Times in Palestine, A History of. By Shailer Mathews, A.M. (New Testament Handbooks. Edited by Shailer Mathews.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 218 pages. 75c.

A clear and succinct sketch of Jewish politics, parties, and sects during the two and a half centuries preceding the destruction of Jerusalem. One chapter, admirably luminous in its conciseness, is devoted to "The Messianic Hope and Jesus."

New Testament with Notes and Instructions. (New Pocket Edition.) American Tract Society. New York. $1.

This edition of the New Testament is in a very convenient and attractive form. Its special feature is the considerable space devoted to notes, instructions, and references which aim to give the results of critical investigation.

Omega et Alpha. By Greville d'Arville. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco, Cal. 8vo. 123 pages.

The writer of this volume of verse addresses his critic or critics on the first page as follows:

"I fain would ask of thee,
As critics true and brave,
If I a poet be,
And not a rhyming knave."

We would advise the author not to press the question.

Organic Evolution, A First Book of, By D. Kerfoot Shute, A.B., M.D. (Illustrated.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 12mo. 285 pages. $2.

As an elementary treatise, this will be serviceable to the general reader who desires a good introduction to the subject. Some fundamental moral, religious, and social applications of scientific facts are appropriately made.

Ovid, Selections from. By James N. Anderson, M.A., Ph.D. University Publishing Co., New York. 12mo. 258 pages. $1.

Peaks and Pines. By J. A. Lees. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 8vo. 378 pages. $1.50.

Designed for young folks' reading, this is founded on long experience in Norway travel, and touches on hunting, fishing, the peculiar customs of the people, travel adventures, and much else. It is a readable book. The illustrations from photographs by the author are not remarkable, but they are better than the original drawings, which might have been omitted to advantage.

Philosophy in France, History of Modern. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. (Illustrated.) The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 8vo. 500 pages. $3.

A special interest belongs to this work because of the wide range it takes. Not restricting himself to those who were philosophers by profession, the author includes with the system-makers, like Descartes and Comte, others whose philosophic minds effectively molded the course of thought in their day, such as Montesquieu and Voltaire, Renan and Taine. Accordingly, under the title of a "History of Philosophy," we have here a series of lucid and instructive critiques upon the influential thinkers of France during the last three centuries, including those of the present day.

Poems of the Nineteenth Century, The Best Short. Compiled by William S. Lord. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 8vo. 52 pages. 50c.

This volume contains twenty-five poems selected by the ballots of "two hundred representative literary people," the preface tells us, who were asked to furnish lists of "twenty-five of the best short poems written in the English language in the nineteenth century." The lists were then compared, and the twenty-five poems which received the highest number of votes appear in this slender anthology. Even a casual glance at the selection shows that not a single inferior poem has been included, but there will be wide diversity of opinion as to whether these twenty-five poems are the best which could be selected.

Poor Plutocrats, The. By Maurus Jókai. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8vo. 423 pages. $1.25.

Both as an entirely original production and as a thoroughly artistic piece of work, "The Poor Plutocrats" may confidently be recommended, especially to those who have not yet read any of Maurus Jókai's novels. The plot of "The Poor Plutocrats" is as ingenious as it is extraordinary; the characters stand out vividly, and the style is masterfully terse and direct, reminding of Tolstoï's. Few books of adventure have more dramatic force; one is tempted to turn page after page to the end at one sitting; Jókai's hand has thus not lost its cunning. The scene is set in the heart of the Carpathians, with Transylvania on one side, Wallachia on the other. That part of the world is not known as well as it should be, hence the stage-setting in "The Poor Plutocrats" is novel and interesting.

Preacher's Life, A: An Autobiography and an Album. By Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8vo. 426 pages. $2.

Predicaments. By Louis Evan Shipman. Illustrations by C. D. Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr. Life Publishing Co., New York. 16mo. 152 pages. $1.

Light and in a way trivial but generally amusing brief stories of society and flirtation.

Prince's Story Book, The. Edited by George Laurence Gomme. (Illustrated.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 12mo. 392 pages. $2.

This is the third of a series, and naturally follows "The King's Story Book" and "The Queen's Story Book," finding its material in English romantic literature, and having as its central idea the illustration of the reigns of English sovereigns to the time of Queen Victoria. It is a volume of selections from a great deal of good chronological and narrative writing, and it happily combines the interest of history with that of pure adventure.

Psalter, Songs from the. Richard Arnold Greene. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 12mo. 111 pages. $1.25.

Puritans in Captivity, The Young. By Mary P. Wells Smith. (Illustrated.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 323 pages. $1.25.

Wisely opens with a historical epitome of King Philip's war, which greatly adds to the interest of the story and the reader's enjoyment. The story is founded on the capture of the Ellis children and Submit Carter by the Indians, and the experiences of Jonathan Wells. This is the third book in the Young Puritan Series. These stories could well be used as supplementary reading for children beginning the study of history.

Queen of Atlantis, A. By Frank Aubrey, (Illustrated.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 391 pages. $1.50.

An extravagant sea tale abounding in sea monsters,

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marvelous escapes, and situations bordering on the absurd. It may amuse but it certainly cannot instruct children.

Reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808–1897. By John Sartain. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 8vo. 297 pages. $2.50.

This beautifully printed record of a long life devoted to art and literature makes very pleasant reading. Mr. Sartain throws new light on the temperament of Edgar Allan Poe, who was his personal friend and associate in the days of "Graham's Magazine," by telling some heretofore unpublished stories of the gifted but unfortunate poet.

Romance of Our Ancient Churches, The. By Sarah Wilson. (Illustrated.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12mo. 184 pages. $2.

Miss Wilson has given a very readable, popular account of the English Cathedral in its various stages of development from the Saxon to the latest times with the aid of judicious and picturesque illustration. She has not attempted to follow rigidly any special order, although her book falls readily into chronological lines. She succeeds in setting forth in large outline, and with reference to many details of structure and ornament, the evolution of the English Cathedral, its significance, and, as the title of her book suggests, its romance. The volume is very readable.

Saragossa. By B. Pérez Galdós. Translated by Minna Caroline Smith. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. 353 pages. $1.50.

To American readers the Galdós novels have been hitherto almost an unknown mine, rumors of the richness of which have come through the unfortunately too few who read Spanish. Señor Pérez Galdós is the Walter Scott of Spain. His twenty or more romances well repay the reading, not only, as literature, on account of their simplicity and charm of style, but also because, as history, they give to us a presentation, unparalleled in any language, of the dark days and years for Spain at the beginning of this century. Those unable to read Spanish have now an opportunity of becoming acquainted with "Zaragoza," published under its English name "Saragossa." It is as good an example as any of the author's historical judgments, at once informed and sane. The translation is excellent. We trust that the Doubleday & McClure Company will continue to publish translations of Galdós, and we trust that succeeding novels will appear in as appropriate dress as that of "Saragossa."

Secret of Kyriels, The. By E. Nesbit. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 391 pages. $1.25.

Leads to complications in the life of a young girl. Here are intrigue that defeats itself; love that knows no obstacle; friendship that is devotion; a large fortune, and two wills—elements enough to make a most exciting novel, which the author has cleverly used. The impossibilities of the plot become possibilities under his treatment.

Soldier Rigdale. By Beulah Marie Dix. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 323 pages. $1.50.

One of the best books for boys of recent years. It tells the story of the landing of the Mayflower and the first year's adventures and sufferings of the Pilgrims—all from the point of view of a Pilgrim boy—a somewhat mischievous, sturdy, and active lad. There is also a dainty and lovable little Pilgrim maiden, one of the most charming children of fiction. Brother and sister run away into the woods and are held a little while in captivity by the Indians. In every way the book is wholesome in tone; in story interest it is captivating.

Son of Man, The. By Gross Alexander, S.T.D. Introduction by John J. Tigert, D.D., LL.D. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn. 12mo. 380 pages. $1.

As the first contribution to Biblical theology from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, this is both a noteworthy and a promising book. It is a series of studies of some of the more important teachings and experiences of Jesus. Their general tenor is conservative, with tinges of liberalism.

Son of the State, A. By W. Pett Ridge. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 8vo. 314 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Ridge has the Dickens-like faculty of bringing before the reader's mental eye the humor and oddity of the London cockney of the lower classes. This book tells the story of a London street urchin left to the tender mercies of the thieves and swindlers of one of the lowest quarters of the city. He has, fortunately, spirit and sense of humor and a certain latent self-respect. In the end he becomes a soldier and even a hero. A pleasant account is included of the workings of the English Cottage Home system of caring for waifs who have come under the charge of the law. Americans who are interested in modern and sensible ideas of reforming boys by building up character will here find valuable suggestions of methods not, we think, as yet adopted in this country. The book, while decidedly slangy and of a rough and ready character, is also decidedly well worth reading.

Tennyson, Life and Works of. The Macmillan Co., New York. 10 vols. Crown 8vo. $20.

The biography of Tennyson by his son was so largely made up of extracts from the poet's letters, reports of his conversations, and unpublished poems that it really constitutes a part of his work, and ought to be included in every complete edition. The publishers of this edition have taken this view and have included the "Life" with the other works in this set of ten volumes. The edition is satisfactory from every point of view. It is well printed on paper somewhat light in weight, but with the requisite opacity. The volumes are of convenient size both for the hand and the shelf, and are attractively bound in dark-green cloth which has something of the quality of silk, with gilt designs on the side and back. The books have the distinction of form with which the work of Tennyson ought always to be interpreted to the eye.

"They That Walk in Darkness." Ghetto Tragedies. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8vo. 486 pages. $1.50.

These are indeed Ghetto tragedies, and each bears the Zangwill hall-mark, than which, in depiction of Jewish life, none is better. Whether Mr. Zangwill's scenes are in the Whitechapel quarter of London, in the Judengasse of Frankfort, in the Judenstadt of Prague, in the villages of Poland or Bukowina or of our own country, their describer is always, and sometimes almost too insistently, a Jew, but he is much more. He is a citizen of the world. As a frontispiece to the volume the publishers have fitly put an impressive sketch drawn by Mr. Louis Loeb, which we have already admired in one of the magazines.

Ulric the Jarl. By William O. Stoddard. Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 459 pages. $1.50.

Miss Corelli took one of the Calvary thieves for her "Barabbas;" Mr. Stoddard has taken the other for the hero of his story, "Ulric the Jarl." Christ himself appears in the tale. Mr. Stoddard has written more than one good book; the spirit of this is beyond any of his others both virile and reverent.

Via Crucis. By Francis Marion Crawford. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 396 pages. $1.50.

Watchers, The. By A. E. W. Mason. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 8vo. 288 pages. $1.25.

An original and ingenious story, although somewhat sensational. In literary quality it is hardly equal to the author's "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" and "Parson Kelly." Mr. Mason makes very clever use of a supposed practice of modern hypnotic methods by a villain of the last century; the mystery that would attend such a use of mesmeric suggestion for evil purposes at that time may easily be imagined.

White King of Manoa, The. By Joseph Hatton. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 8vo. 338 pages. $1.25.

In this story Mr. Joseph Hatton quite surpasses his previous efforts. In local color, in clearly drawn pictures of Tudor times, in a swing of style carrying the reader

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easily from line to line and from page to page, "The White King of Manoa" is to be recommended.

Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land. By Egerton R. Young. (Illustrated.) Eaton & Mains, New York. 8vo. 377 pages. $1.35.

The winter life of three boys in a mission connected with the Hudson Bay Company is entertainingly, if not too grammatically, told in these pages. The boys' experiences in training their sledge-dogs, in fighting wolves and bears, indeed all the novel life amidst snow and ice, cannot fail to appeal to young readers. Incidentally the book emphasizes the good work done by devoted missionaries among the Indians.

Woman's Possibilities and Limitations. By Stephen W. Dana, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 16mo. 110 pages. 50c.

The mirror is held up to woman in such a way as to encourage her to accept the pointed criticism in a spirit of patience and even cheerfulness, so much that is beautiful and strong is shown. Let us hope that the author will be so stimulated by the success of this book that in the course of time "Man's Possibilities and Limitations" will follow.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Is not Abraham the first figure of human history who comes out in clear historic outline? If he is not the initial figure of trustworthy human story, what is the relation that he bears to history? 2. Where can I find Dean Stanley's essay, "The Blood of Christ"? 3. In what sense are we to understand that baptism saves a man? 4. What is the relation existing between Natal and England? 5. What is the nature of the "Orange Free State" as a State? Is it now, or has it ever been, a dependency of Great Britain's? 6. Did England, in the London Convention of 1880 or 1884, really release her sovereign control over the Transvaal? If she did, in what sense is our National relation with the Philippines a parallel case? 7. What book gives one the best view of the Transvaal crisis? J. S. B.

1. Abraham, whom we regard, notwithstanding certain critics, as a real historic character, is sketched with more of detail than any before him. But explorations in the East have brought to light others in equal clearness, as Sargon, the founder of the Semitic empire in Asia, 3800 B.C. Abraham's place in history is that of the first great ancestor of the Hebrews and the patriarch of their faith. 2. In his work on "Christian Institutions." 3. Only so far as it is a sign and symbol of the saving thing, as explained in 1 Peter iii., 21, the self-committal of a good conscience to God. 4. Natal has been a British colony since 1843. 5. It has been an independent republic since the treaty with England in 1854, which terminated British claims previously made. 6. Yes, in internal affairs; no, in foreign relations. England has always considered herself the paramount power in South Africa, with the same right of interference for sufficient cause that we claimed in Cuba. 7. We recommended lately the following: Theal's "The Story of South Africa," Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," Bigelow's "White Man's Africa," Younghusband's "South Africa of To-day," Knox-Little's "South Africa," and Hillegas's "Oom Paul s People." See also the last "Edinburgh Review."

In The Outlook for October 21 I note an article by the Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D., in which he speaks of the English Church as "older than the English Monarchy, older than the English Nation, older than English law or English literature, . . . a thousand years of national history," etc. Kindly state on what ground such claims are made. I. M. C.

On the ground that the Church of England has had a continuous history at least since A.D. 597, when St. Augustine introduced Christianity among the Saxons in Kent.

Who publishes Dr. A. B. Davidson's "Book by Book," spoken of so highly by Dr. Sanday in his Bampton Lectures on Inspiration? What is the price? What is your estimate of the book? E. G. F.

The Lippincott Company, Philadelphia ($2.50). The volume is a series of popular studies, originally written as introductions to the several books in the "New Illustrated Bible," and now collected and published separately. Dr. Davidson is one of the twelve contributors, and Dr. Sanday another. You may place entire confidence in Dr. Sanday's opinion.

1. What is the origin and significance of the Grecian Mundane Era, of which this is the year 7497? 2. Is it not true that Ignatius, who died in 115, taught and employed the dignity and Apostolic power of the episcopate? If the Apostolic government of the Church had been congregational, could this idea of Ignatius's have arisen so early? Is it not an indication of a belief which obtained from the first? W. P. E.

1. See article "Chronology" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume V., page 714. 2. Persecutions without and heresies within gradually developed the Episcopal polity out of the Congregational by the need of a centralized organization and authority. Between Ignatius and the formation of the first churches some eighty years intervened, during which these causes of change operated with gradually increasing force. The inference you suggest therefore lacks support.

Will you kindly give me the names and publishers of two or three of the best books on Art of the period of the Renaissance? W. A. N.

Mrs. Bell's "History of Art" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); Professor Goodyear's "History of Art" (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York); Symonds's "History of the Renaissance"—also in condensed edition (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); Hoppin's "The Early Renaissance" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

Kindly explain and discuss Dr. Abbott's understanding of the Immaculate Conception. W. O. S.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is the doctrine that the Virgin Mary was conceived without the stain of original sin—a doctrine not held by any Protestant.

1. Can you suggest three or four good books for a somewhat general and superficial study of the field of art from early Christian times to the present? 2. Do you think this is an advisable method of study for amateurs? F. W. R.

1. Read the histories of art by Goodyear, D'Anvers, Lübke, and Reber. 2. Yes.

"M." asks (October 14) for comprehensive but cheap books on "Religion of the World." Let me add to your list that of the "Guild Text Book" Series, "The Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity," by Principal Grant. Its price is something less than 50 cents, and it is an excellent work (A. & C. Black, or the Macmillan Company, New York). A. E. L.

Where can I find a story by Amelie Rives, "Arnon"? It is quoted by Mary E. Burt in "Literary Landmarks." E. H. R.

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Ballad of the Thanksgiving Pilgrim

By Clinton Scollard

The purple hills of Kirkland
Stood up against the morn,
As o'er the rutty road there strode
A pilgrim lean and lorn.

The wood-crowned hills of Kirkland,
They notched the wan blue sky,
As toward that plodding pilgrim came
A horseman urging by.

"I prithee, weary pilgrim,
Now whither dost thou roam?"
"I seek a gabled farmstead set
Amid these hills of home;

"I seek an ancient rooftree set
Amid these uplands gray."
"God give thee luck," the horseman cried,
"This frore Thanksgiving day!"

The quiet hills of Kirkland,
They saw, when broad noon shone
Above the fair Oriska vale,
This pilgrim toiling on.

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The frosted asters waved and tossed
Before him and behind;
The journeying silken milkweed seed
Went capering down the wind.

The hemlocks preened their night-dark plumes
As up and up he clomb;
The same old rook-calls welcomed him
Back to the hills of home.

High on the hills of Kirkland
Where hale the North-wind roared,
O gay were they that grouped about
The heaped Thanksgiving board!

And yet the brooding mother,
She hid with smiles the tear
For one whose lips she had not kissed
This many a lonely year;

For one whose wander-lust had led
His roving spirit far,
Until she dreamed he slept beneath
The clear Alaskan star.

Hark, at the door a summons!
A step upon the sill!
O mother-eyes abrim with joy,
And mother-heart athrill!

And O ye hills of Kirkland,
In chill November gray,
Ye never saw a gladder sight
Upon Thanksgiving day!

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Thanksgiving in the Red Barn

By Lillian W. Betts

The animals in the barn were getting excited. For a week and over their friends and owners had been going up to the loft where the apples and nuts were stored, had been talking in the barnyard where the hens, turkeys, and ducks lived, and the moment a hen announced that she had laid an egg some one came running from the house as though he feared the egg would fly away.

The barnyard people had talked about it at night when the moon shone in the barn through the windows in the loft and down through the chinks in the floor. You have to be the very best of friends with animals, know them a long time, and love them dearly, to understand their language; even then you have to be very quick to read signs, for their language for humans is the sign language.

If you had been in the red barn that night, you would have seen Kit stretch her neck over the low stall wall and say:

"Nelly, it's Thanksgiving day after to-morrow."

Nelly was asleep, but Kit's voice could rouse her any time.

"How do you know?"

"The biggest turkey has gone from the yard, has not been there for a week. You know what that always means."

Nelly nodded her head.

"Sounds cheerful, sounds right, that word 'Thanksgiving,'" murmured Nelly, while Kit nodded approval, as she was apt to do, no matter what Nelly did or said. "Kit, we ought to be thankful—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Kit; "suppose you were some other horse, or I was some other horse, what would we do?"

Both necks were stretched high, and two brown noses were rubbed together. There was silence for a time. The very thought of either one being some other horse kept them silent. They would not have had each other, then!

"Nelly, we must have Thanksgiving to-morrow. We—" The sentence was not finished, for Kit was asleep.

The next day they were harnessed early in the morning, and started for the village. Half-way to the village there is a drinking-trough, and of course Nelly and Kit wanted a drink. While they were drinking a man from the village over the hill came along, and Kit and Nelly's friend, who was driving, got out of the wagon to talk with the other farmer. "There! hear that! Thanksgiving," whispered Kit. Here a chipmunk came scurrying along the fence and stopped to look at the two horses. Kit winked, but Nell nodded politely. The chipmunk flirted his tail, which was his way of returning recognition.

"Thanksgiving to-morrow; come to the barn to-morrow night. Red barn in the meadow down by the chestnut woods."

The chipmunk looked puzzled, but gave them to understand that he would be at the barn. He did not mention Thanksgiving. He was afraid of the word. The farmer climbed in, and the conversation was interrupted. The horses trotted along comfortably for a mile, when the farmer met the minister. No one has ever attempted to explain it, but if a farmer and a minister meet on the road there is always a long rest for the horses.

Kit called attention to some lovely green grass a little further along the road, and the horses crept slowly toward it, leaving the farmer and minister talking.

Here a squirrel came, and a crow lighted on the limb of a tree. Kit tossed her head and winked, but Nell bowed again and extended an invitation to the crow and the squirrel to come to Thanksgiving at the red barn the next night.

"Well, well! you two are getting spry, leaving me to walk this morning with my rheumatiz worse than it's been for a week." Nell and Kit hung their heads, as their friend got in and sat down with a groan.

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In a few minutes they were trotting over the road gayly as if they were in a hurry. When the brown parcels were all in the wagon under the seat, and their heads were turned toward home, they trotted as never before, and surprised the farmer's wife, who exclaimed as they went to the barn, "Why, father's back a half-hour sooner than I expected him!"

That night, when the doors were all closed, and the barn was so still that the mice were scampering gayly over the beams, Kit gave a neigh that frightened the mice and waked every creature in the barn. The cows moved restlessly, the poultry all changed their places in the hen-house. The door opening from the hen-house into the barn was open. Watch got up and looked into the stall, and then lay down at Kit's heels. They all listened, and then, as if to let Kit know they were awake, each one made a sound.

"You all heard me. I'm glad. You see, to-morrow is Thanksgiving. The folks at the house are getting ready, and all the children are coming home. Seems to me the people in this barn have as much to be thankful for as the people at the house." Here Kit was interrupted by every animal in his own language saying, "Indeed we have."

"Every creature is not so fortunate, I can tell you. In our travels"—here, I am sorry to say, Kit's voice had a superior tone—"in our travels we see much that makes us sorry that all the animals do not live on this farm. To-morrow night some are coming, and each one of us is expected to make his distant relatives happy."

Such cackling, quacking, gobbling, lowing, neighing, squeaking, cooing, you never heard—all talking at once. Kit was a born organizer, and made the barn family understand that all must work together. Toward morning all was still; even the mice went to sleep.

The stupid human people who came home for Thanksgiving, and brought their children into the barn to see the animals, did not understand why they all appeared so particularly happy.

They said, "Father, the stock look in fine condition. The poultry look full of life. Every one of them looks as though she would take a blue ribbon." At this remark Watch stood up, as if to protest. He was the only one who had a right to a blue ribbon. His was in the mirror in the big parlor.

Night came over the hills. The lights gleamed from the house, and the stars came out one by one, while the moon shone brightly, as if it, too, would help. The lame duck from the little house by the lake came up the meadow path. The cow who had the big bell around her neck, and only had the roadside for her feeding-place, came through the big gate and up to the barn. The squirrels had come early, and were now on the beams, just above the crows, who looked solemnly down at the poultry, the cows, and the horses all standing and talking on the barn floor. The mice were huddled in corners. Kit and Nell were in the center.

At last Kit's voice could be heard even by the cow and duck outside the barn door.

"What we want to do is to be thankful for being on this farm." Here Kit looked up and saw the crows, the mice, and the pigeons, and in the highest peak of the barn the swallows. "Every one here knows we keep no cat"—here she paused impressively. When the barn people who dread cats had grown calm again, Kit said, "We use traps." Now all the mother mice looked at the young mice. "When chestnuts and hickory-nuts are gathered, plenty is left on the trees for those who prefer nuts to oats—for myself, I cannot understand the preference."

"Don't be impolite," whispered Nell.

Kit was embarrassed. "Nuts are delicious for those who like them." Kit looked at Nell, who nodded approval.

"The sweetest apples, and plenty of them, are left on the ground," resumed Kit. At once the pigs gave a cordial assent, while the cows whisked their tails.

"Corn!" At the mention of corn all became excited. "Corn," continued Kit when quiet was restored—"did ever one of us see the time when it was not plenty? Warm mash when the mornings are cold. Think of this morning!"

Such a sigh of gratitude went through the barn! "And oats; remember our feed this noon." Nell waved her tail and twitched her ears. "Bones with meat left on them." Here Watch's tail banged

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the floor and he stretched out his fore paws.

"Was any one in this company ever thirsty, even in the coldest weather?" The crows flapped their wings; they remembered the holes cut in the ice in the trough.

"If ever there was a place for thanksgiving, this red barn is the place. Friends, what can we do to show our gratitude?" There was a stillness that was startling after the demonstrations that followed these expressions of approval of Kit's remarks, and she continued:

"What can we do to prove we know the difference between the red barn's family and that of other barn families?"

"Color not to be mentioned," whispered Nell, just in time.

"What can we do?" again demanded Kit.

"Stop gnawing bark off the trees," timidly said the smallest squirrel.

"Eat the oats on the floor, not in the bags or bins," said the oldest mouse, in a loud whisper, all the others squeaking assent.

"Eat more wild oats and less cultivated corn in the season," cawed the crows.

"Leave the food of the little feathered people alone, and pick up the corn the rest do not want," cooed the pigeons.

"We fly far," they added hurriedly, as if their last remark were a reflection on some present.

"Lay eggs when the price is highest; bring up the little chicks carefully; keep an eye to weasels, and roost high out of the reach of other dan—"

"Nothing disagreeable to-night," interrupted Nell, gently.

"Milk, plenty of it, and rich for the whole year; keep within the fences, and train all the calves to do likewise," mooed the cows.

"Very right. Precept and example," commented Nell.

In conclusion Kit said: "Humans celebrate Thanksgiving only by eating great dinners, as far as I can find out." Here some of the turkeys looked sad, and Nell cast a glance of rebuke toward Kit. "When I see how stupid and selfish humans are, I say we must teach them a lesson.

Here there was an unexpected interruption from outside the barn door.

"You had your breakfast and dinner to-day," was mooed in a voice all could hear. Kit and Nell turned into their stalls without a word, and in a moment the barn floor and beams were empty. There was only one sound—that of a clanging bell, as the cow that wore it went out on the road, followed by the lame duck.

The next morning the two came wandering back, nibbling the frozen grass on the roadside. The farmer's wife saw them. She rushed out with some warm potatoes she had boiled for the hens, and some meal in a pan.

"Dear things!" she murmured, as she put the pan down in front of them. Back she came in a minute ith some pumpkin.

When the cow with the bell and the lame duck had eaten all they wanted, the cow said, looking toward the barn, "They made a mistake. To-day is Thanksgiving!" And the duck quacked "Yes."

A Flying Postal Service

There are several small islands on the Pacific Ocean that belong to England. A vessel was wrecked during a storm on one of these islands, and it was necessary to get word to Auckland. Carrier pigeons were used. They carried the messages and brought return messages. This success led to the buying of a large flock of carrier pigeons, who were trained for the work on these islands. Each bird can carry four messages, each written on paper of a certain quality and size. When four messages are ready, a bird is sent off. Each message costs either one shilling or sixpence. These pigeons are private property.

Marjorie's Excuse

By Eva Eickemeyer Rowland

"Oh, Marjorie, if you would be good
For just one hour!" sighed mother.
"You tire me with your naughtiness;
I wish you would not bother."

"Mamma, I cannot help it;
I'm really not to blame;
And if you'll hark a minute,
I'll tell you how it came.

"Ted had a chicken wishbone—
He got it in the dish—
I wished I *could* be good; it broke—
And Teddy got the wish."

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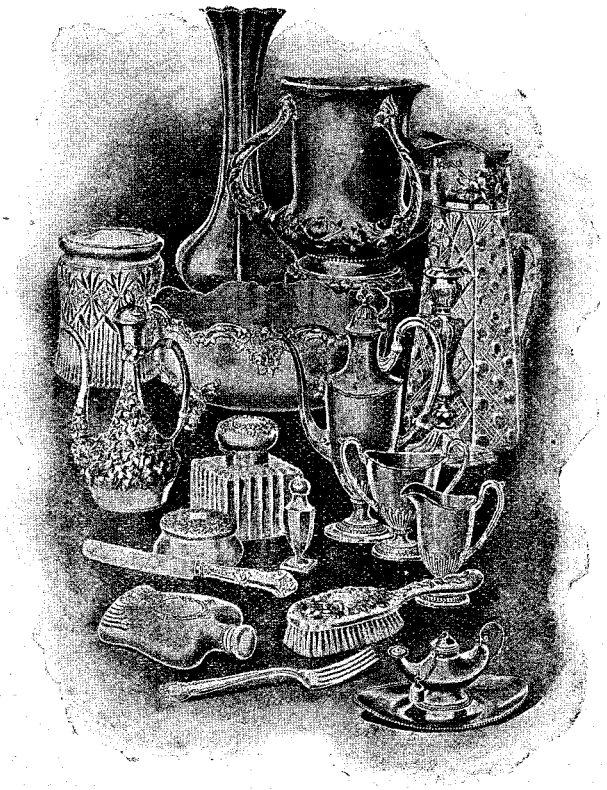

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We will sell any one or all of these lots to any reader of this issue of The Outlook at a Thanksgiving discount of 10% from the actual cash values as shown in the published figures above.

As fast as the inquiries are received they will be numbered, and selections will be made in the order in which they arrive.

All the lots are good—a $260 lot is not as good as a $625 lot, but it is worth every cent of the $260, and will earn proportionately as much as the higher-priced one. When we have received your inquiry blank (see below), we will reserve for you one of these lots and forward to you booklets descriptive of Oaklawn, a plat showing the exact location of the lot, and other interesting literature on this subject. We will at once write and tell you all the interesting facts about the particular lot we have selected for you, and, in fact, furnish you all possible information which will tend to satisfy you that the offer we are making is really an advantageous one. If, after looking into the subject thoroughly, you are not willing to make this investment, you are under no obligation to do so.

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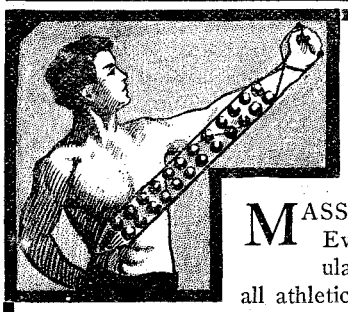

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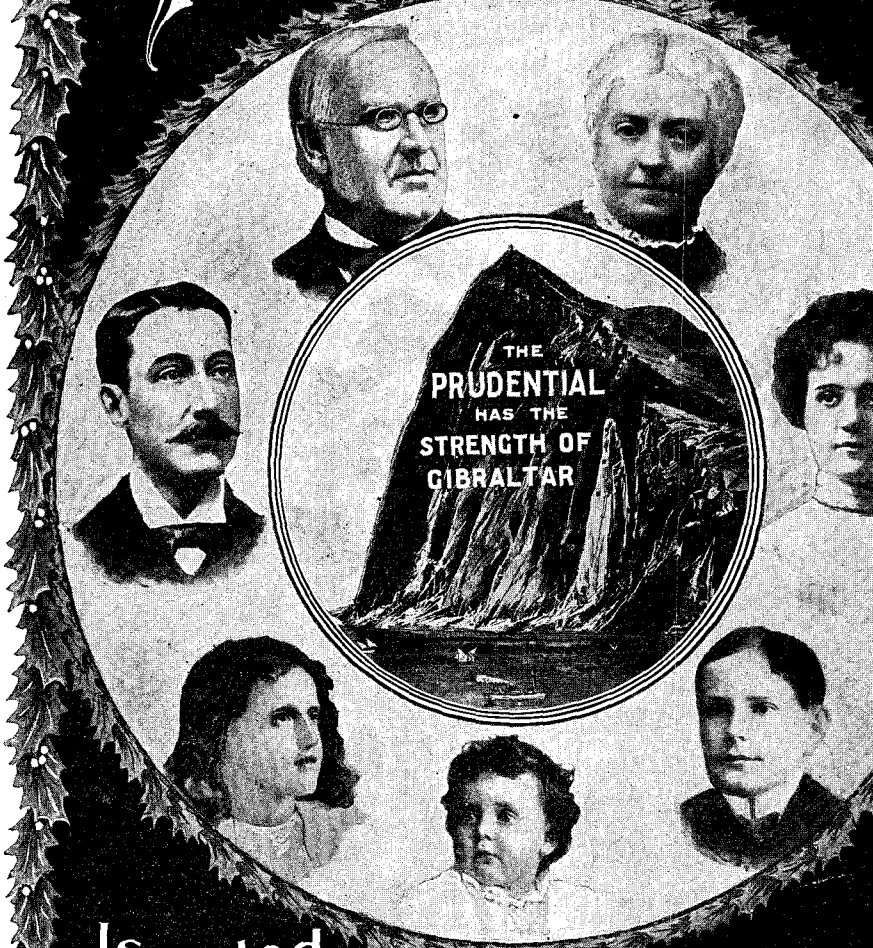

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